

The Sketch



No. 595.—Vol. XLVI.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 1904.

SIXPENCE.



A SCENE FROM "LADY FLIRT," AT THE HAYMARKET.

M. LE COMTE DE LA ROCHE (MR. CYRIL MAUDE) MAKES SECRET LOVE TO LADY MELBOROUGH (MISS BEATRICE BECKLEY).

Photograph by Messrs. Hall, Glasshouse Street, W.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"

The Sketch Office,
Monday, June 20.

"ANOTHER of 'em," growled the Professional Playwright; "another of these blinkin' novelists beginning to write plays."

He was alluding, of course, to Mr. Max Pemberton.

"Surely you don't object?" I replied. "Live and let—"

"Object? Of course I don't object. I'm simply amused, that's all. They're all alike. No sooner do they make a name as novelists than they want to make a name as playwrights."

"And you find it funny?"

"I find it uncommonly funny. Why can't the shoemaker stick to his last, and the novelist to his novels? Look at me. I don't write novels, do I?"

"I don't know," I murmured.

"Don't know? You follow the publishers' lists, I suppose?"

"Certainly. I apologise. I forgot, for the moment, that, in the case of a person so distinguished as yourself, the verb 'to write' would be synonymous with the verb 'to publish.'"

The Professional Playwright said nothing. I could not help resenting, however, the savage scowl with which he regarded the cigar that I had recently purchased for him.

For my own part—tell it not in the hearing of the Professional Playwright—I am always particularly delighted when I find a novelist making a success as a dramatist. After all, the medium of the novel and the medium of the stage do not differ so widely. Novel-writing is the higher art; play-writing the more difficult. The successful playwright must have imagination, feeling, characterisation, and construction; for literary ability, though, he may substitute stage-craft. And it is just this technique of the stage that the novelist finds so difficult to master. That it can be mastered, however, the records of J. M. Barrie, Anthony Hope and others conclusively prove. Max Pemberton has mastered it to a great extent, and I congratulate him on the achievement. I congratulate him, also, on the success of "The Finishing School," the story of which is so attractive as to overcome any little faults of workmanship. And I congratulate him, finally, on his leading lady. It would have been impossible to find, throughout the ranks of English actresses, a better Dorothy Melville than Miss Annie Hughes. The part demands many qualities; Miss Hughes has them all.

The art of the theatrical "producer" grows apace. The latest novelties in the way of stage-business may be witnessed in "Sergeant Brue," a weak musical farce that has just been produced at the Strand Theatre. The chorus, of course, always bears the brunt of the producer's fads, and my heart went out to Mesdames Nina Wood, Anthony, Lilly Mills, Ada Homer, Violet Lorraine, Zillah Gray, De Lacy, &c., the richly-clad young women who compose the chorus in "Sergeant Brue." It was cruel enough, in all conscience, to send them on to the stage carrying paper hoops. They looked at me pathetically, as who should say, "Aren't these things stupid, and ugly, and altogether horrid? The producer wanted us to jump through them, but how in the world could we do that on a stage this size and with frocks this length?" I thoroughly agreed with them, and, in order to show my sympathy, brushed away a tear or two as ostentatiously as possible. But worse was to come. By way of lending point to some lyric that was too feeble to plead for itself, Mesdames Nina Wood, Anthony, Lilly Mills, Ada Homer, Violet Lorraine, Zillah Gray, De Lacy, &c., were compelled to assume a right-angled attitude, clutch each other round the waist, and emerge from the O.P. wings backwards! The manoeuvre is difficult enough to describe; it must have been inconceivably trying to accomplish.

There is a little ballad—you may buy it for a penny, I believe, in the Strand—entitled "Everybody's Loved by Somebody." The truth of this consoling statement was brought home to me a few days ago. I was walking with a friend along a country road, when our attention was attracted by a printed notice, pasted on a gate-post, that bore the heading "£50 REWARD." My friend, who has accustomed himself to read everything that may result in pecuniary gain, was the first to catch sight of the notice. While he was reading, indeed, I walked on, and it was only his shout of laughter that brought me back. The fifty pounds, it seemed, was to be paid to any person who should give information leading to the discovery, alive or dead, of a certain young man whose name I have forgotten. Then followed the description of the young man. He was twenty-three years of age, but looked younger. He had round shoulders, a blotchy complexion, decayed teeth, and large ears. His height was not much over five feet.

"Isn't that funny?" said my friend.

"What is there funny about it?" I asked.

"Why, that anyone should think it worth while to offer fifty pounds for the discovery of a chap like that."

He was forgetting, you see, that everybody's loved by somebody.

The protests of the Leeds Physical Culture Society against the wearing of hats have been the means of calling forth an interesting statement from a leading West-End physician on the subject of baldness. "There is one other recipe against baldness," he told a reporter, "which I may give you. Do not grow a beard. Nature only provides a certain amount of keratin, or hair-forming material, and if it is used up on the chin, the scalp must suffer. Go into any crowd and see how a long beard is associated with baldness." That is perfectly true, of course, and it is equally true that actors and singers, who are obliged to be clean-shaven, generally have better heads of hair than other people. Admitting, however, that the hat and the beard both tend to induce baldness, what is the respectable citizen to do? If he turns up at the office without a hat, his employer will probably discharge him. If he turns up at home without a beard, his wife will certainly refuse to recognise him. And if he goes into his tailor's without either a beard or a hat, his tailor will send the junior shopwalker for a policeman. What a nuisance these Culture Societies are, to be sure!

Sketch readers will be relieved to hear that Mr. Frank Reynolds has returned from Paris. They will also be delighted to learn that this clever young artist has brought back with him four fat sketch-books, all of them filled with types, studies, and "odd bits" to be worked up into finished drawings for this journal. So much by way of preface. My real purpose in writing of Frank Reynolds is to tell of an alarming adventure that befell him in that city of snares. He had been dining one evening with a certain Starr Wood, another Sketch artist, whose fund of humour is only equalled by his ignorance of the French language. Hardly had the dinner started—to be exact, they had just arrived at the fish stage—when poor Master Reynolds, that hungry one, swallowed a bone. Now, it is just as difficult to swallow a bone as to manage an artist, and thus it happened that the bone stuck firmly in the Reynolds throat. What was to be done? Starr Wood, as I say, knew not the French language; Reynolds neither knew it, nor, had he known it, could have spoken it. And so, in such a plight, they hurried forth to find a doctor. Imagine, I beg of you, the sorry condition of these droll ones. Starr Wood pleaded; Reynolds gesticulated; they both raved. And then, in the nick of time, Starr Wood made a joke. . . . Sketch readers will be relieved to hear that Mr. Frank Reynolds has returned from Paris.

MR. MAX PEMBERTON AS A DRAMATIST



RALPH CLEAVER'S SKETCHES OF "THE FINISHING SCHOOL," AT WYNDHAM'S.

THE CLUBMAN.

Bald Heads—Lord Kitchener's Reforms.

WHY Leeds should have started bald heads as a subject of conversation I do not know. Perhaps the Physical Society of that town contains a large number of gentlemen growing thin in the thatch; but, be that as it may, whenever now in Clubs a pause occurs in the talk concerning "no trumper" hands, the deadly certainty of Mr. Travis on the putting-green, and the Russo-Japanese War, the question as to whether the wearing of hats makes men prematurely bald crops up, and every man with a shiny head gives his opinion as to the causes which have relieved him from the necessity of using hair-brushes.

A Clubman wears his hat indoors in his Club, but does not do so in his own house, and the man who does not belong to a Club most probably does not carry his hat on his head for the same number of hours that the man does who spends some hours in the Club smoking-room. Why it is permissible for a man to wear his hat in the smoking-room of his Club, whereas he would not dream of doing so in the dining-room, or drawing-room, or morning-room of the same establishment, I do not know. I suppose it is a matter of custom, and not the fear that some other member may mistake the new hat left in the hall for the old one put on the peg.

If the wearing of hats makes men bald, the persistent frequenter of a Club and the members of the Stock Exchange, who all wear their hats during the hours of business, should be balder than other men, but I do not think that they are. The learned man who grows a beard because he dislikes the trouble of using a razor is far more likely to have a bald head than the Clubman whose barber comes regularly every morning to shave him. Prophets, in the days when prophecy was still in honour, when members of the profession were not asked to give up their rooms at the Cecil, or only found scope for their prophecies in the columns of the sporting papers, used to wear beards which descended to their waists. That the baldness of one of the prophets was remarked by the rude little boys of the period we know, and that prophet's method of applying bear's-grease to the urchins is also on record.

A hot head in a hat is certainly not conducive to a good head of hair, and that is, I fancy, one of the reasons why officers who have served long in the East generally are bald, or semi-bald. A soldier wears his head-covering on many occasions when other men take theirs off, for it is part of his uniform, and every bald-headed Major or Colonel is an argument in favour of the movement to abolish hats. On the other side, it may be said that in many Mohammedan countries in which the men never take their turbans off their heads long and plenteous locks are the rule and not the exception.

Some Mohammedans shave their heads entirely, and it may be that a shaven-headed generation or two produces a generation or two of men with good hair. When big wigs were worn by our ancestors, their heads were always shaved, and the close cropped bucks of the

eighteenth century were the fathers of the ringleted dandies of the nineteenth century. Perhaps it is time that we all reverted to shaven heads again. I speak without prejudice on this subject, for I am already almost bald. The shaven head and the wig would have many advantages. Two trades which have almost vanished, those of the wig-makers and the barbers, would revive again, and it would be very convenient to have wigs to suit all occasions, just as we have clothes for different days. When I arise feeling very well and very young, and think that I will put on my best frock-coat and pay some calls, I should like to have a full head of curly hair just touched with grey. When I go motoring on a rainy day, very short, waterproof hair would suit me best. I should have country wigs and town wigs, wigs for grand occasions and others suitable for the bosom of one's own family, and I am quite sure that I should develop a very nice taste in night-caps.

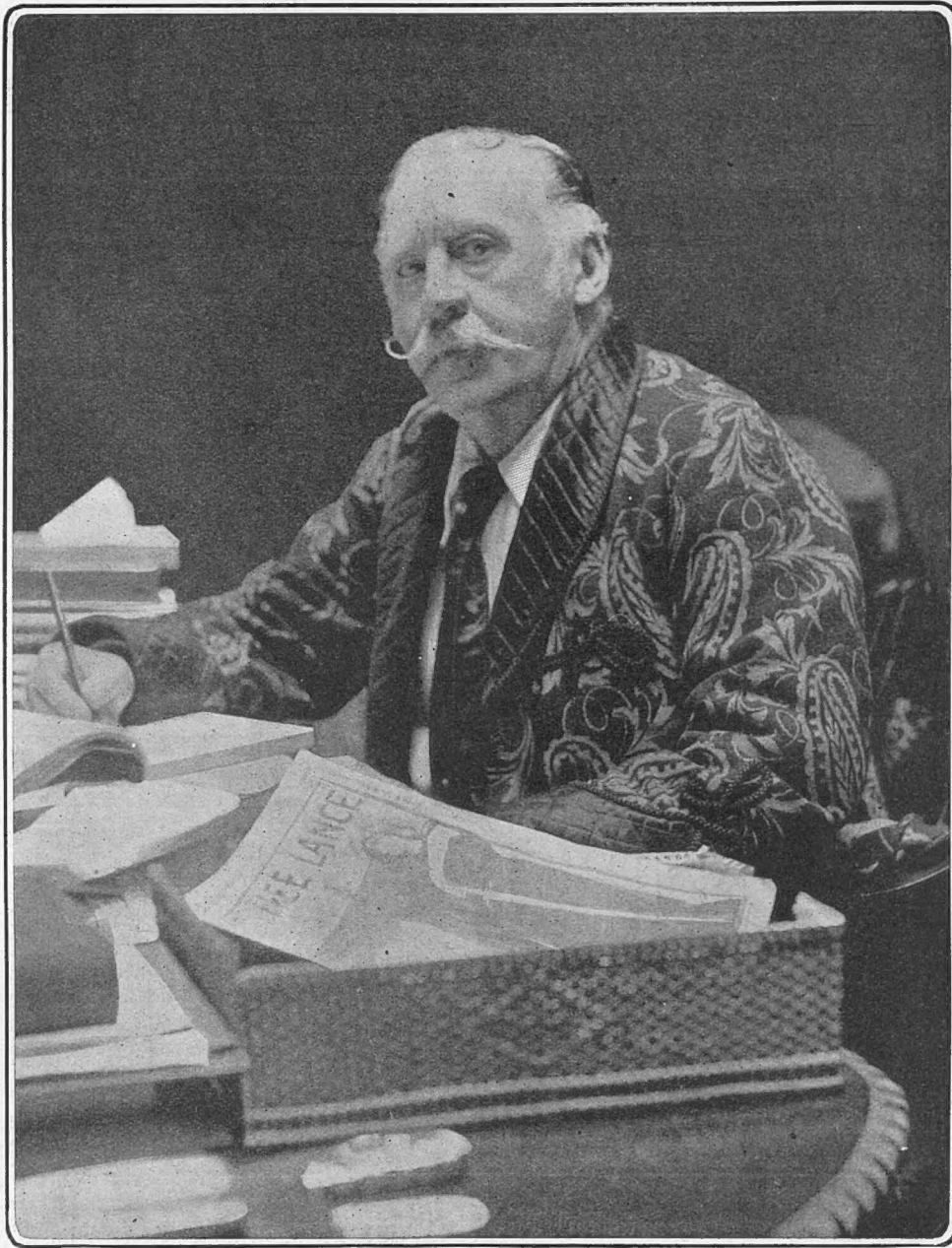
I can give one serious item of information to those who discuss bald heads. I sat next an old Bluecoat School boy at dinner one

night during the week, and I congratulated him on his fine head of hair, attributing it to the fact that he went bareheaded as a boy. He told me that, not long ago, he attended a dinner of the old boys of his school, and that there were just as many men at table whose heads were bald or semi-bald as there were those whose hair had remained to them. If Bluecoat boys go bald, why should hats be abolished?

The policeman's lot in India will in future be a happy one, for the police are to garrison all the pleasantest towns, while the soldiers are to be massed on the frontiers where they are likely to fight. The police officer will now clank his spurs where the dragoon and hussar were lords, and men will soon look back as on a happy past to the days when such comfortable places as Lucknow and Bareilly were headquarters of armies, and regiments intrigued to be sent to Agra and Cawnpore, and other good pig-sticking centres. I am quite sure that Lord Kitchener is making the Indian Army a more effective fighting-machine than it was before, and there will not be the enormous expense of transporting troops from the far parts of India to the advanced base whenever war breaks

out; but India will no longer be the soldier's paradise, and I am glad that I served there under the old conditions.

The Clement Scott matinée at His Majesty's to-morrow promises to be the most successful miscellaneous entertainment of the season. The members of the dramatic profession have long been famous for their generosity in giving their services in aid of the afflicted, and in this particular case practically all our leading actors will take part. Thus Sir Henry Irving will appear in "Waterloo" and in a recitation of "The Dream of Eugene Aram," Mr. Beerbohm Tree in the last Act of "Herod," and Mr. George Alexander in a one-Act romantic play, "Flower o' the Rose," by Mr. W. J. Locke. Mr. Arthur Bourchier will present a new comic play, called "The Conversion of Nat Sturge," written by Mr. Malcolm Watson, Mr. Forbes-Robertson will recite, Miss Marie Tempest will sing, and Madame Réjane will also appear. The task of the Committee, of which Mr. Malcolm Watson is the Honorary Secretary, has been peculiarly difficult, inasmuch as they were offered enough material to fill the programme many times over.



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SAINT-SAËNS' NEW OPERA: "HÉLÈNE,"
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THROUGH THE CYANGTSE VALLEY.

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THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

JUNE 25.

OFFICE: 198, STRAND, W.C.



A SCENE FROM THE "ALCESTIS" OF EURIPIDES, AS PLAYED AT BRADFIELD COLLEGE: THE DEATH OF ALCESTIS.

Photograph by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.

GARRICK. — MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER and MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH. At 9 in THE FAIRY'S DILEMMA, by W. S. Gilbert. At 8.15, "A Lesson in Harmony." WED. and SAT. MATINEES at 2.15.

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THIS week, all the noted people in London Society, and many, it may be whispered, not at all in Society, are either buying or selling at the largest charity fête ever held at the Albert Hall. In these utilitarian days, the obtaining of a large sum of money, even for a deserving charity, means the expenditure of much brain-power, as well as the laying-out of a good deal of hard cash. Lady Cadogan has supervised

all the elaborate arrangements, and scarce one of the popular beauties but is engaged in the capacity of saleswoman. As regards the actual organising of these monster entertainments, balls, bazaars, and charity dinners—which are, perhaps, the most astonishing feature of twentieth-century London Society—it is being done in almost every instance by Mr. Wilfrid Stopford, a popular man-about-town, who delights in the work and whose genius for managing both the great and small details which make up such a show as that which is now attracting each day thousands of people to the Albert Hall is said to have aroused the amused approval and interest of Lord Kitchener, the greatest of great organisers himself.

Some Pretty and Original Features.

As the bazaar (opened by the Queen yesterday, June 21) is to benefit the Victoria Hospital for Children, an effort has been made to ensure that every stall should in some way suggest childhood, and the "Nursery Rhyme" stalls have been carried out in a particularly charming fashion, as has also been Mrs. Arthur Paget's "Noah's Ark," where pets are disposed of by public auction. The young Countess of Kinnoull has hit on an original idea, her stall, called "The Smokeries," being a symphony in brown and orange, while the fair saleswomen, who are wearing snuff-coloured frocks, are being helped in their labours by Lady St. Oswald's little son, who is dressed to represent a cigarette!

"Mary Anderson." The reappearance of Miss Mary Anderson in London, in aid of a Roman Catholic charity,

must make even the most fickle of playgoers feel a thrill of affectionate remembrance. Her last appearance on a theatrical stage took place fifteen years ago—in fact, early in 1889—but she has never regretted having given up what was, perhaps, the most wonderful position ever attained by a youthful actress, for "our Mary" not only took two worlds by storm, but off the stage she formed enduring friendships with many of the most notable people of the day, including celebrities as different as were the late Lord Tennyson, Robert Browning, William Black, and many others now living with whom she has remained on terms of intimate affection.

"Mary Anderson's" English Home.

In private life Mary Anderson is known as Madame de Navarro, and she and her husband live in the old-world village of Broadway, in Worcestershire, a hamlet which has been described as the most beautiful in the kingdom. There she, her husband, and their little son spend a quiet but very happy life in a pretty, old-fashioned-looking house of which, perhaps, the chief charm is its lovely garden,

Madame de Navarro never refers to her great triumphs, but, when they are mentioned to her, she always declares that, though she enjoyed them, she would never advise any young friend of hers to go on to the stage.

A King's Love-Story.

In Madrid a pathetic little story is told of the young King of Spain's first love-affair. When he was on his tour through Spain, a few weeks ago, Alfonso XIII. met his distant cousins, the Princesses of Orleans, at Seville. He promptly fell in love with the younger of them, and the Queen of Portugal thought for a moment that the two kingdoms were to be united by a Royal wedding. But before the love-affair had gone very far, the Queen Mother of Spain heard of it, and, as she intends her only son to marry into a reigning family, she determined to put a stop to the idyll. The young King was, therefore, informed by his Ministers that he must continue his tour, and by his departure an end was put to what at one time seemed a very promising love-match.

A Grand Duke's Charm.

It seems that the Grand Duke Cyril attributes his escape from the blowing-up of the *Petropavlovsk* to the miraculous powers of a charm which was given to him shortly before the disaster. Five years ago, a Lieutenant of Marines, named Cube, visited the church in which are preserved the relics of St Barbe, and was given by the Pope a silver ring which had touched the relics. The Pope charged him never to part with the ring, as it would bring him good luck. When the war broke out, the Lieutenant was made Aide-de-Camp to the Grand Duke Cyril, and on Easter Day, wishing to give his chief a present, he could think of nothing better than the ring. The Grand Duke objected that he ought not to part with his charm, but the Lieutenant insisted, and so the Grand Duke accepted the gift. Soon afterwards, when they were both on board the *Petropavlovsk*, the ship blew up and the Lieutenant was killed, but the Grand Duke escaped.

A Lost Capital.

More than a thousand years ago there was a great city in Central Africa which was the capital of the Empire of the Songhais in the Nigerian Soudan. The Empire of the Songhais was the largest and most powerful black empire which has ever existed, and the City of Koukiya carried on trade with Egypt under the Pharaohs. Even after the fall of the Empire, Koukiya was a very important city, but about a hundred and fifty years ago it was utterly destroyed by the Touaregs, and its very site was forgotten. The Academy of Paris recently sent out a mission to discover the ruins, and they have just been found by Lieutenant Desplagnes, about a hundred miles south of Gao, or Gogo.



The King. Prince of Wales.

THE ROYAL STAND AT ASCOT.

(See "The World of Sport.")

The King at Kiel. The fact that His Majesty will spend his official birthday—that is, June 24—in German waters is significant of the wise increase in cordiality between two great nations. The Emperor is evidently desirous of showing the greatest honour and respect to his Kingly uncle, and during the course of our Sovereign's stay at Kiel all the German ships will fly the British flag. William II. inherits his enthusiastic love of yachting from his maternal ancestry. The Imperial yacht *Hohenzollern* has her moorings directly opposite the Imperial Yacht Club's headquarters, and the Emperor is most kindly and hospitable to all those yachtsmen, and especially to those of his mother's nationality, who make their way to Kiel each June.

"The German Cowes." Kiel, though it has been nicknamed "the German Cowes," is one of the most ancient and picturesque of seaboard cities; and Kiel Castle, where the King's nephew and niece, Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia, have lived since their marriage, is among the most ancient inhabited Royal dwellings in Europe, for it was built in the thirteenth century and enlarged by Catherine II. of Russia in the eighteenth. The University of Kiel is also highly esteemed, and one of the Professors, Dr. von Esmarch, is the husband of the German Empress's aunt, Princess Amalia of Schleswig-Holstein. Of late years, Kiel has become one of the great yachting centres of the Continent, thanks, of course, to the determination of the German Emperor, who early realised that the Baltic Sea is, from a yachtsman's point of view, quite ideal. Accordingly the large and sheltered harbour is often filled with dozens of large and small yachts, though, of course, to the serious seaman, the most interesting spots of Kiel are the Naval Academy, the Dockyard, and the torpedo-harbour. The Imperial Club-house is very comfortable and very English-looking, and there the Emperor and Empress, during the yachting season, spend a good deal of their time.

"Mr. Leopold." At the present moment, "Mr. Leopold," as he is known to a very large circle of friends and acquaintances, is the most popular member of his very popular family, for the owner of St. Amant carries on most worthily the great sporting traditions of the Rothschild family. Just fifty-two years ago, "The Baron" ran a horse called Leopold at Newcastle; he was not, however, successful. Few people seem aware that Mr. de Rothschild won a Derby in the days when he hid his racing personality under the odd

name of "Mr. Acton." In every way fate has been very kind to the owner of this year's Derby-winner. He is the owner of three of the most delightful residences in the kingdom—Ascott, quite the most charming of the Rothschild homes in Bucks; Gunnersbury, the most stately of suburban palaces; and No. 5, Hamilton Place, the most agreeable of London mansions. Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild is a singularly fascinating and delightful woman, whose marriage to Mr. Leopold was the greatest social event of the winter of 1881. Their eldest son and heir last summer celebrated his majority.



MR. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD.

Photograph by Dickinsons, New Bond Street, W.

Waterloo. Strange as it must seem, until this year France had no monument to those of her brave soldiers who fell at Waterloo (writes our Paris Correspondent). Now, thanks to the action of the "Société de la Sabretache," a splendid memorial, the work of the sculptor Gérôme, who died a few weeks since, has been unveiled upon the plain where the Belgian Lion and several memorials to our own brave dead have been for many years. The monument is called "The Dying Eagle," and represents, upon a pedestal of granite, a great eagle of bronze, in the death-agony, but fighting to the last. The original design was finished by Gérôme two years ago, but want of funds prevented its completion in the bronze until this year. The inscription is grand in its simplicity, "Aux Derniers Combattants de la Grande Armée (18 Juin 1815)." I am not presuming too much in the prophecy that many Englishmen will, as they gaze upon it, leave a few flowers upon the plain of Waterloo in memory of the thousands of France's brave sons who died in that great battle which broke the power of Napoleon.

Napoleon's Horse. And, talking of Napoleon, a curious discovery was made a few days since at the Musée du Louvre, in Paris. In a dark corner of one of the store-rooms, some workmen came across a dusty packing-case of large proportions, addressed in big black lettering to "Monsieur le Chef des Musées Impériaux." Inside the lid was a card, on which was written, "The Horse of the First Napoleon. From the Natural History Society of Manchester." The case was at once unpacked, and in it was found a small white horse, beautifully stuffed and in complete preservation. On the left flank the letter "N," surmounted with the Imperial Crown, is branded, and there is no doubt in the minds of the authorities that a most interesting memento of the Emperor has lain *perdu* here in the Louvre store-room for some forty years. The only doubt is whether the horse was a battle-steed or no.

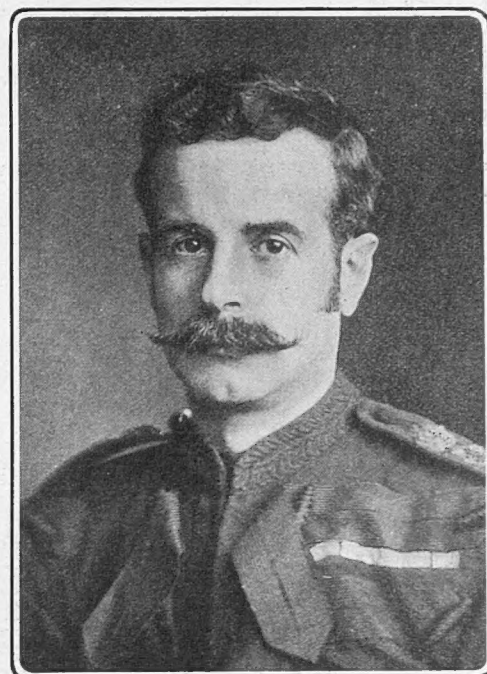


THE KING'S VISIT TO GERMANY: A VIEW OF KIEL, WHERE HIS MAJESTY WILL MEET THE EMPEROR WILLIAM.

Photograph by Dr. E. Mertens and Co., Berlin.

Lord Dundonald. Lord Dundonald's dismissal by the Canadian Government makes him, not for the first time, the centre of interest in two continents. Anyone less like the conventional General of the stage and of caricature it would be hard to imagine. You would say, if you did not know, that this handsome man, with rather pale complexion, dark, curly hair, delicately cut features, and exquisitely modulated voice, was some famous painter or sculptor. And it is true that he is an artist in many things, a craftsman to the tips of his long fingers, a living proof that the blundering, ignorant, bulldog type of officer is hopelessly out of date. Inventor, savant, linguist, country squire, keen sportsman—he is a veritable Admirable Crichton. At Eton he took naturally to boxing and was the terror of the Windsor cads who haunt the Brocas. Afterwards, in the Guards, he hunted with ardour and tooled the regimental drag. Active service came in the Soudan, when twice he took his life in his hand to carry despatches across the desert. He was in the square at Abu Klea, and he was the only officer who knew enough astronomy to guide by the stars the party who were taking the wounded to the wells. Thence he rode on alone until he found Sir Redvers Buller lying in a single blanket under a palm-tree and told him of Khartoum's fall and Gordon's death. Years afterwards he won fresh laurels under Buller before Ladysmith, showing that marvellous combination of dash and caution which betokens the born leader of men, and he was one of the little band who brought the

under sentence of death in Edinburgh Castle. His daughter, Grizel—the name now borne by Lord Dundonald's beautiful eldest daughter—found the post-boy from London asleep, drew the charges from his pistols, and then, disguising herself as a highwayman, made him give up his bags and destroyed the death-warrant. Lord Dundonald's great-grandfather anticipated the invention of coal-gas and was a pioneer of agricultural chemistry. His son, the great Lord Cochrane, conceived the idea of the screw-propeller, as well as that of mining by compressed air. Now the

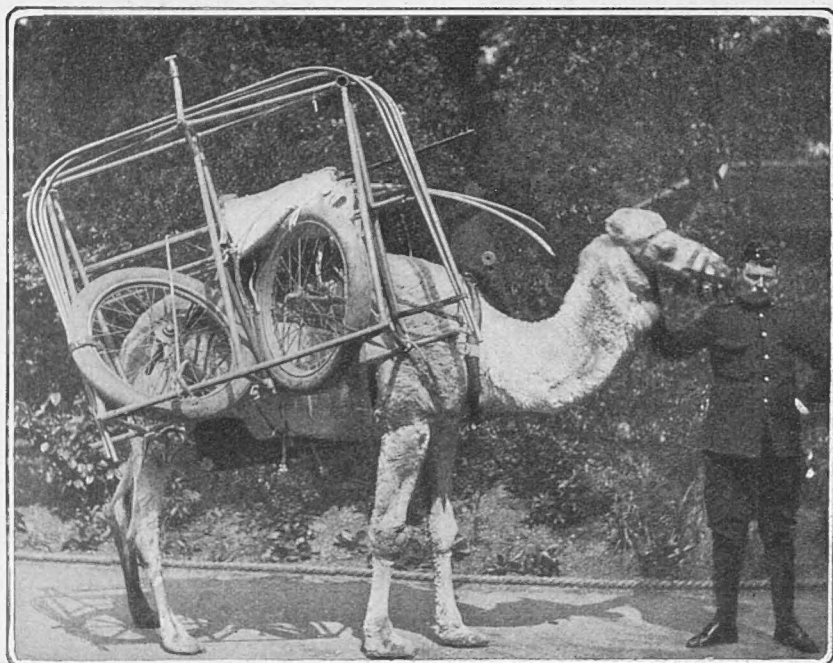


LORD DUNDONALD.

same inherited aptitude comes out in their descendant, whose galloping gun-carriage, refused by the War Office, was sold to a private firm, from which the War Office is now obliged to buy it. Lord Dundonald also invented the "Instra" hand-warmer, which saved so many lives in the Dargai Campaign, as well as numerous improvements in such things as regimental water-carts and for increasing the mobility of cavalry and artillery. At Gwrych, the Welsh seat which Lady Dundonald brought him, behold him as a scientific agriculturist, interested in pig-breeding and stock-raising! Lord and Lady Dundonald have the lovely old town-house in Portman Square which was built by one of the brothers Adam for the Duke of Gloucester on his marriage with Lady Waldegrave.

A Camel Ambulance.

Lord Dundonald's inventive genius was never so conspicuously shown as by his camel ambulance. He gained some vivid experiences of the "Ship of the Desert," as the stay-at-home poets call the camel, or the "'airy 'oont," as Tommy Atkins calls him in Kipling's poem, for he was with the Camel Corps in the Soudan under the gallant and deeply mourned Sir Herbert Stewart. The "'oont" is a heart-breaking beast to manage, combining, as he does, in his knobby and unwieldy person the concentrated "cussedness" of many mules; and when you get on his back and succeed in propelling the animal in any direction at a sort of gallop, it is like the worst horrors of the Channel Passage—indeed, some victims declare that *mal-de-mer* is simply nothing to *mal-de-chameau*. Lord Dundonald's ambulance succeeds in a marvellous way in minimising as much as possible the horrible jog-trot of the camel's gait, which is so trying to sick or wounded men, and it is understood to have been highly approved by the experts of the Royal Army Medical Corps.



LORD DUNDONALD'S CAMEL AMBULANCE PACKED FOR TRANSPORT.

news of relief to the beleaguered garrison. In South Africa he was the especial idol of the Canadian contingents.

The Power of Heredity.

Lord Dundonald reverences the memory of his famous grandfather, Lord Cochrane, probably the most daring sailor that ever trod a quarter-deck. But audacity, as well as inventive genius, is in the blood of the Cochranes. More than two hundred years ago, Sir John Cochrane lay



LORD DUNDONALD'S CAMEL AMBULANCE AS IT APPEARS WHEN IN USE.

Photographs by Faulkner and Co., Baker Street, W.

Theology in the Lords.

The House of Lords in its judicial capacity has been listening for many days to argument in the famous Free Church case. Four years ago, the Free Church of Scotland and the United Presbyterian Church were joined together in the United Free Church, but a small minority of the former body protested against the alliance because, according to their contention, it represented a change of doctrine and principle, and they claim possession of the property on the ground that they are the real Free Church. If they were to win the case, a sort of ecclesiastical revolution would be produced in Scotland. The Lords heard the appeal last winter, but, shortly afterwards, Lord Shand died, and now they are re-hearing the case, with the addition to their number of Lord James and Lord Alverstone.

A more dreary or more dignified Court could not be found. The Law Lords sit in the Gilded Chamber, but are grouped between the Table and the Bar, with the Lord Chancellor in the centre. Each has a little desk on the floor of the House for his papers and notes, and each has a rug for his feet. A funereal solemnity pervades the place, and this is increased by the attitude of two officers of the House, who

source of discussion. The bacteriologist argues that the traitorous conduct of the benignant macrophagi in refusing to wage war against the malignant microbes in the body save at their own convenience may be met by dieting, and, in the future, may, with the aid of an artificial antidote, be prevented for all time. The macrophagi are in for a life of pampered ease. Who will not treat them with the tenderest respect, except, perhaps, the Insurance Companies?

The Fall of the American Advertiser.

The failure of the International Exhibition at St. Louis to attract the huge "gates" proper to such an undertaking is laid at the door of the advertising experts, who, it is said, have not done their work with their customary ingenuity. Such is the irony of life. The American gentlemen whose business it is to praise the wares of their countrymen or of themselves in the most florid language at their command, and in the largest type the newspaper proprietor or the bill-poster will allow, are evidently out of breath. The extolling of pills and face-powders, the booming of books and furniture purchasable on the instalment system, the exploiting of plots of perfect land, have exhausted them. Or have they, perchance, all migrated to England?



MISS HAMMERTON, ONE OF THE "COSY CORNER" GIRLS IN "THE EARL AND THE GIRL," AT THE ADELPHI.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

sit in the far distance by the side of the throne. There is no evidence. Speeches are delivered by eminent counsel—in the Scotch case, of course, by Scotchmen—and the speeches are measured not by hours, but by days. The Lord Chancellor appears to enjoy controversy on effectual calling, predestination, and "the power of the keys."

Scotland in the Commons.

The Outer Lobby of the House of Commons was packed with Scotchmen last week, and a member from North of the Tweed could scarcely appear there without being interviewed by a fellow-countryman. Councils and Boards sent up delegates to get their views adopted in the Scotch Education Bill, and when any large number of the Scotch members were agreed their pressure proved irresistible. Mr. Graham Murray, the Secretary for Scotland, a clever lawyer and politician, has a testy manner and is fond of making gibes at his fellow-countrymen, but he conciliates them as often as possible. Dr. Macnamara followed their debates in the House with envy and jealousy and with the recurring inquiry, Why should not England have got what was now given to Scotland? "Changed circumstances," was the reply.

Traitorous Microbes and Long Life.

Dr. Menchnikoff's opinion that senility is an infectious disease, and that, in course of time, it may be warded off for a period considerably longer than the allotted span, is threatening to rival radium as a

Yet another explanation: The British exhibit was the only one complete on the opening day. Can the vagrant Americans have had the engineering of this?

The Gentle Brigand.

Such rest as that enforced upon Mr. Ion Perdicaris and Mr. Varley by the brigand Rais Uli is evidently not of the doleful nature predicted by the pessimists. In a letter to Mr. A. J. Dawson, Mr. Perdicaris confesses that the first appearance of his captors was "a classic scene of rapine and confusion"; but he also states that Rais Uli is "the most interesting and kindly-hearted native gentleman" it has been his good fortune to have known. This is excellent reading, unless, perchance, it was prompted by "the most interesting and kindly-hearted native gentleman" himself. Such things have happened, and the point of a dagger or the muzzle of a revolver is a splendid "persuader."

General Kuropatkin to the Czar.

General Kuropatkin's laconic message to the Czar, "It is done," is likely to become historic. It is to be hoped, for the sake of the Romanoff dynasty as well as for the gallant soldier himself, that, in following Sir Charles Napier's famous example, the military Commander-in-Chief in the Far East does not intend his despatch to be, in the pessimistic sense, synonymous with that of the British General. "I have sinned" is not the type of news required in St. Petersburg.

THE CRICKET SEASON, 1904: TWO POPULAR TEAMS.

North. Robson. Braund. F. M. Montgomery. P. R. Johnson.



H. Martyn. L. C. H. Palaret. S. M. J. Woods. A. Newton. Cranfield.

THE SOMERSET TEAM.

Tate. Vine. Cox. Butt. Killick. Relf.



K. S. Ranjitsinhji. G. Brann. C. B. Fry. C. H. Ebdon. C. L. A. Smith.

THE SUSSEX ELEVEN.

Photographs by Foster, Brighton.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

WHEN I turn the pages of my morning paper I grieve to think that a certain celebrated financier whose name was once quite common in men's mouths is so busily engaged just now. If he had full and complete leisure he might make a fortune in the Far East. I read that there are countless Russian mines in the water round Port Arthur and Dalny, and that Admiral Togo and his merry men have been trying to exploit them for weeks past. If the financier could but spare the time to place his services at the disposal of the Mikado's Government, I feel confident that there would soon be a boom in Russian mines, and Japanese anxiety would be at an end. On second reading, I see that the Admiral has been trying to explode, not to exploit the mines. Well, it does not matter: the terms are very similar; properly handled, the shares (or parts) of these mines would rise to a great height.

By the time these lines are printed Mr. Perdicaris should be released from captivity, and Rais Uli, "as mild a mannered man as ever scuttled ship or cut a throat," should be better off than he is to-day. But the special object of this paragraph is to praise Mr. Langerman, the American commercial agent. He managed to reach the brigand's lair while all the world's warships lay idle in Tangier Bay. To be sure, warships cannot climb mountains, and Mr. Langerman can; but his smartness was not limited to making an offer to Rais Uli to go to St. Louis Exhibition.

One of the morning papers has been advising farmers to reduce their depression by turning their arable land, or part of it, into fish-ponds. There is an idea abroad that pisciculture would pay when corn is grown at a loss. On the principle of making the punishment fit the crime, I should be well pleased to give the people responsible for this idea a fresh-water fish diet for a week. Apart from trout, I have still to find the river-fish that deserves to be eaten. Carp very delicately stewed in port-wine might be welcomed by a very hungry man who was not born with a cultured palate, but the average coarse fish of ponds has an unfair share of bones and a distinct flavour of mud.

The meeting at Kiel seems to claim no small share of my morning paper's attention, and I am enabled to read the comments of all the leading Continental journals. Some say that the era of peace on earth is about to begin; others give warning that there are chestnuts in the Far Eastern fire and that the Kaiser does not wish to burn his Imperial fingers. All these questions are beyond the ken of a mere man in the train. He only knows that the German birth-rate is very

greatly in excess of the death-rate, that Germany is badly hemmed in by the two great friendly and allied nations. Consequently, there is a very urgent need for colonial accommodation, and there are no colonies to be let or sold. Under these circumstances, the Kaiser must be a little more than human if he does not try to improve the present fleeting encounter. "Russia's sorrow is Germany's sorrow," he remarked when the Pacific Squadron suffered serious loss, and naturally sorrow calls for consolation. A profitable transaction in the

Far East would, I am sure, blunt the keen edge of German sorrow. That is why publicists presume that the picnic side of the Kiel festivities does not count for everything with the Kaiser. The occasion is a great one, and Germany hopes to profit by it.

Writing of profit reminds me of Elijah, who, reviled by newsmen and rejected by hotel-managers, came, saw, and fled away. It must have been a sad sight to see the Profit driving disconsolately round London in his carriage-and-pair followed by the Fourth Estate in hansom-cabs. I think he erred in seeking too much luxury. Had he been content with a small room in a side-street, he might have escaped public attention. There would have been no lack of food, for I read that hundreds of scoffers were waiting for Elijah with offerings of eggs and potatoes. Neatly caught and properly cooked, they might have sufficed the Profit. Clearly John Alexander Dowie's kingdom will be limited in future to Zion City. His time in New York and London has been brief and bad. It is hard to know how to deal with such a superfluous Profit. Investment is, perhaps, a good thing. The Profit should be invested in a Russian or Japanese security. Port Arthur would do very well. At time of writing, it is a Japanese investment, if not precisely a Russian security.

I am well pleased to see that the serious attention of the Italian Government has been called to the condition of Naples. I do not know any other city in which

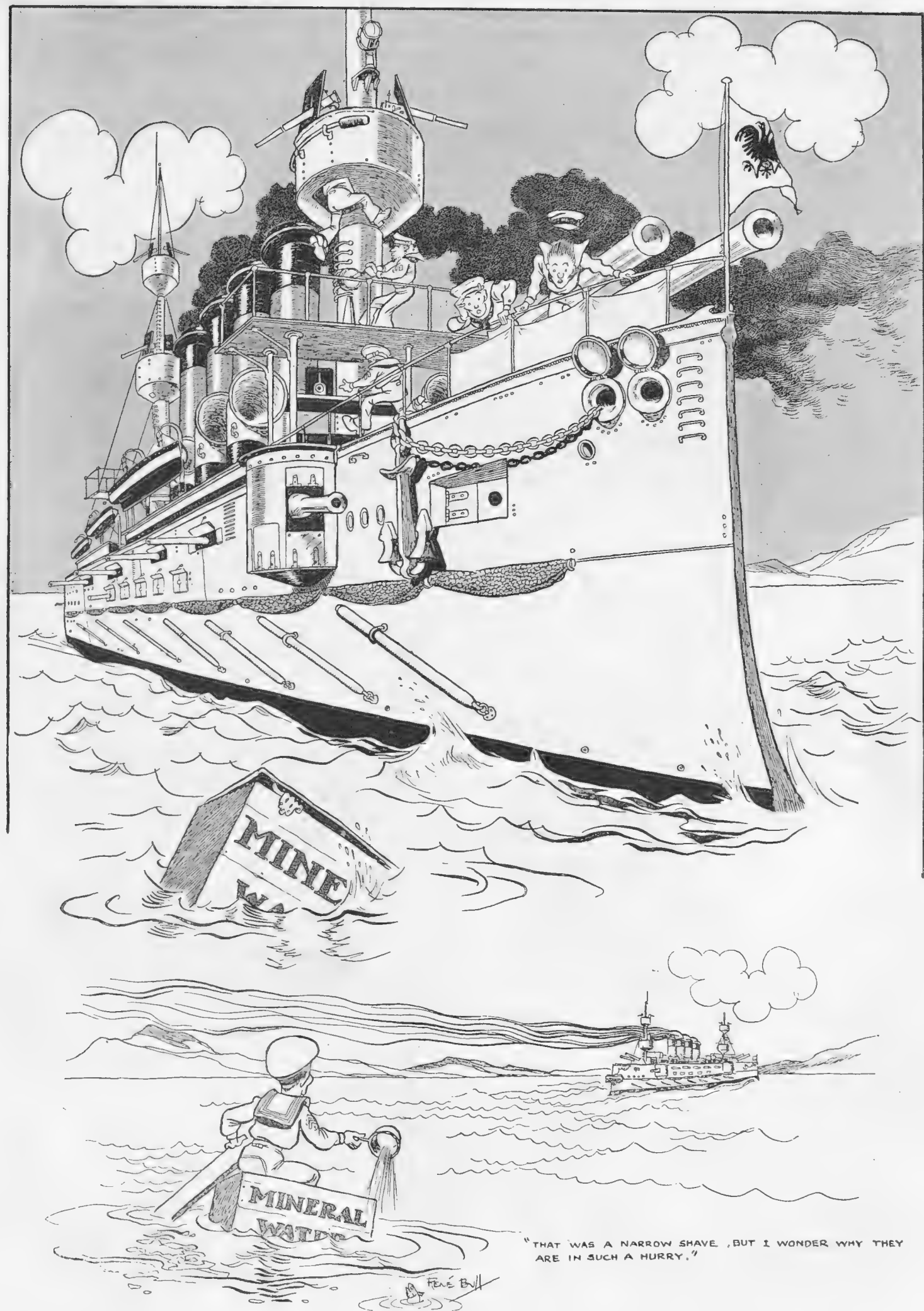
the criminal classes have so completely mastered the authorities. It is no secret that law and order do not exist outside quite a narrow radius; the homeless outcasts are said to number close upon one hundred thousand, and printer's ink would blush to record the resultant condition of things. The famous Secret Society of the Camorra has a tremendous influence throughout Naples, and the city's prisons could not hold a tithe of the people who should be inside their walls. In fact, though the city yields to none in beauty, you cannot explore its side-streets after dusk without being in danger of realising the truth of the old saying, "See Naples and die."



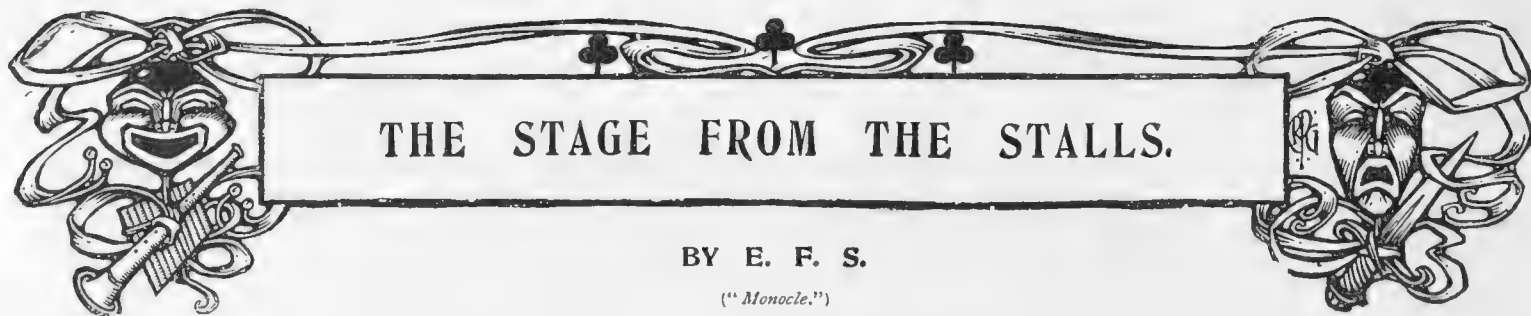
THE SNOB FROM SEVEN DIALS.

"Ow's that, kid?"

THE MINE THAT DIDN'T EXPLODE.



DRAWN (IN LONDON) BY OUR SPECIAL WAR-ARTIST, MR. RENÉ BULL.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

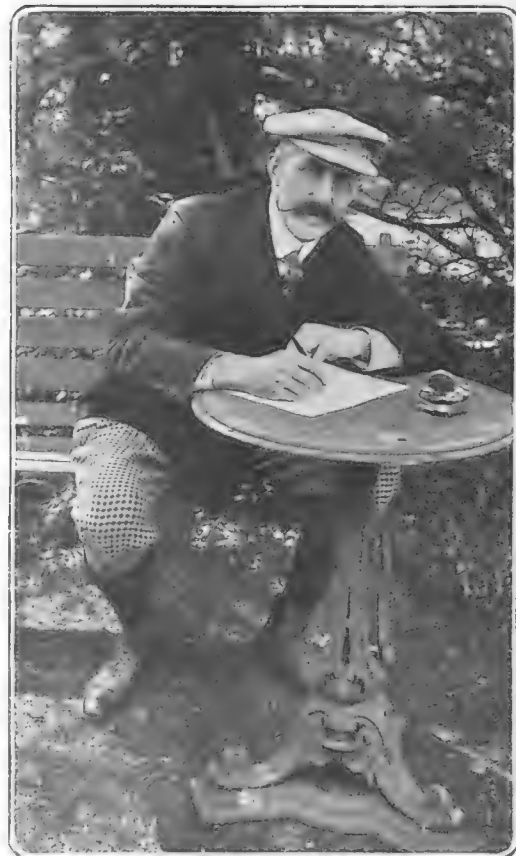
("Monocle.")

"SERGEANT BRUE"—RÉJANE—"THE LIARS"—"A LESSON IN HARMONY"—"THE FINISHING SCHOOL."

"SERGEANT BRUE" is disappointing. There were excellent grounds for not expecting a clever book, but reasonable hopes that we should have charming music, for Miss Liza Lehmann, whom we all used to admire as singer, has proved herself to be an admirable musician by compositions delightful on account of their delicate personal flavour and curious fresh beauty.

"What on earth is she going to do in musical farce?" was the question of her friends. And the answer comes sadly, "She let herself down to it."

It would be unjust to suggest that she ever reached the level of the book of "Sergeant Brue," overcame near it; but if one puts aside some early numbers, nicely contrived with novel touches, it must be admitted that her efforts were undistinguished, and undistinguishable from the common run, and her most applauded achievement—a coon song—was decidedly commonplace. Miss Lehmann can do this sort of thing as well as the rest, and her music is as bright and catchy as we generally get, but it is a sad waste of force to employ her, since the only gain from her talent was an unusual but not unparalleled cleverness in the accompaniment of some of the earlier numbers.



MR. MAX PEMBERTON AT WORK ON HIS SUCCESSFUL PLAY, "THE FINISHING SCHOOL."

Photographed for "The Sketch."

since the only gain from her talent was an unusual but not unparalleled cleverness in the accompaniment of some of the earlier numbers.

One laughed in advance at the idea of Mr. Willie Edouin, as a policeman, compelled to remain in the Force because his fortune of £10,000 a year was to evaporate if he ceased to be a "peeler." The playgoer will be wise to laugh in advance; otherwise, unless the play works up very well and most of the book is discreetly eliminated, he will have hardly enough laughter for his money, since the libretto not only is poor in wit, but gives little chance of success to the clever people engaged. Mr. Willie Edouin will be funny, and on the first-night was in a kind of half-way house, having forgotten much of the author's dialogue—no great disadvantage, judging by what he remembered—and not worked up his own gags. Still, there was clearly the foundation for a truly comic performance. Mr. Arthur Williams was decidedly clever and amusing as a comic criminal. Poor Miss Trevelyan, fresh from well-earned triumph in legitimate drama, had merely a kind of glued-on character, with nothing clever to say, nothing comic to do, and a couple of irrelevant songs in which even she was not very successful. With so much matter before me, I merely mention the names of Miss Ethel Irving, ill-served by the author; Mr. Barraclough, who sang very agreeably; Miss Zena Dare, and Miss Olive Morrell.

Of course, we are delighted to welcome Réjane, one of the rare actresses of genius, but why should she discount the delight by presenting "Zaza," of which it is not unreasonable to say that the critics and many playgoers are tired? There is nothing to be said about the work, since it has been given in French, English, and American *ad nauseam*. The actress's performance is quite as brilliant as ever; indeed, she plays it almost as if it were not for the thousandth time, and she has a sound Company to back her. It is to be hoped that "La Montansier" will prove more exhilarating.

Sir Charles Wyndham announces that his revival of "The Liars" is to constitute the final representations of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's brilliant comedy. The exact meaning of this I do not pretend to guess, but, if the play produced with great success in October 1897 is to be seen no more, playgoers will be wise to hurry up, for it is one of the cleverest and most entertaining works written for the stage in our times, and, even if the part of Sir Christopher is not quite Sir Charles's richest, he is absolutely at his best in it, and therefore irresistible. A good many of the original Company, such as Mr. Alfred Bishop, Miss Mary Moore, Miss Cynthia Brooke, and Miss Sarah Brooke, repeat their old triumphs, and several of the new-comers gave admirable performances.

What a pity that the pretty story concerning the acceptance by Mr. Bouchier of the Poet Laureate's comedietta, "A Lesson in Harmony," was paragraphed industriously! Naturally, this caused higher hopes than most pieces can fulfil, and disappointment was almost certain to come of it. Produced in an ordinary way, and without Mr. Austin's name—which was not very efficacious in drawing people to the Garrick early—the play would have seemed a passable comedietta, a little thin and old-fashioned, but written neatly so far as some passages of dialogue are concerned. As it stands, the doubts, if any, concerning the author's gift for writing drama that have survived "Flodden Field" are dissipated. The somewhat farcical story of the "dramatic author" who to stimulate the waning affection of a young wife for her husband made love to her himself was capitally acted by Mr. Bouchier, without whom, indeed, the piece would have fallen flat. Miss Jessie Bateman supported him cleverly enough.

One may plead guilty to a little feeling of grievance in relation to "The Finishing School." After being thrilled many a time by Mr. Max Pemberton's prodigious stories, some of us naturally expected a terrifically exciting play with a powerful plot and blood-curdling episodes, and would have easily forgiven any crudities of technique in treatment; instead of which the novelist began his new career with a picturesque piece of sentimentalism, and began it, too, with every sign of success, for, after the audience had discovered that the four-Act "romance" was entirely unsensational, it settled down to be interested and charmed by the pretty, picturesque story of true love, beginning with an interrupted effort at a Gretna Green marriage, and ending, a year later, in the traditional happy-ever-after fashion. This kind of play, which I notice is called "bright and wholesome" in one of the papers, does not appeal so much to callous critics as to the general public; not, indeed, because the critics desire or the public is averse to the unwholesome, but for the reason that familiarity with the stage causes them to anticipate too easily the turn of events, save in the rare cases where the author ventures to be original. Mr. Pemberton has not been venturesome. He proceeds in a leisurely fashion along well-beaten roads, and the roars of laughter and shouts of applause that were heard in the house prove his wisdom and dexterity.

The piece deals with a young lady of spirit, Miss Dorothy Melville; her successful sweetheart, who is not much more than a lay figure; his cruel father, Sir John Vane, who wishes him to wed someone else; and a faithful, unselfish lover who strives for her happiness with another man in an assiduous fashion almost unflattering. The course of events actually brings the heroine to a ball in barracks dressed in knee-breeches and posing as a young French duellist, and successful in duping officers and ladies, and even her true lover and his stern parent. We all know that such a situation and its *qui pro quos* inevitably lead to plenty of comic incidents. The best of them is a neatly written scene in which Dorothy makes a fool of Sir John and induces him to utter sentiments concerning the conduct of true lovers and obdurate parents that she is able to fling back at him in the last Act with deadly effect. It may be suggested in a friendly spirit that the strength of the piece is not very nicely proportionate to its length and that the popular author will be wise if he cuts it down a little. This applies particularly to the Act most of which shows the humours of the finishing school for young ladies to which Miss Dorothy is sent after her unsuccessful elopement.

In Miss Annie Hughes the dramatist has been so fortunate as to find an actress who plays the heavy part of Dorothy enthusiastically, and succeeds, by her spirit and energy, in delighting the house. Mr. Ben Webster, who acts very well, has no great chance of distinction as young Vane: a better part, that of his father, is given to Mr. J. H. Barnes, who gives an admirable display of easy humour.

"MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER," AT THE IMPERIAL.



CAPTAIN HARRY PEYTON (MR. LEWIS WALLER) MAKES A PICTURESQUE INVALID BUT A RESTIVE PRISONER.



MISS LOTTIE VENNE AS MISTRESS SARAH WILLIAMS.



MR. LYALL SWETE AS MR. VALENTINE.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

"MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER," AT THE IMPERIAL.



MR. LEWIS WALLER AS CAPTAIN HARRY PEYTON.

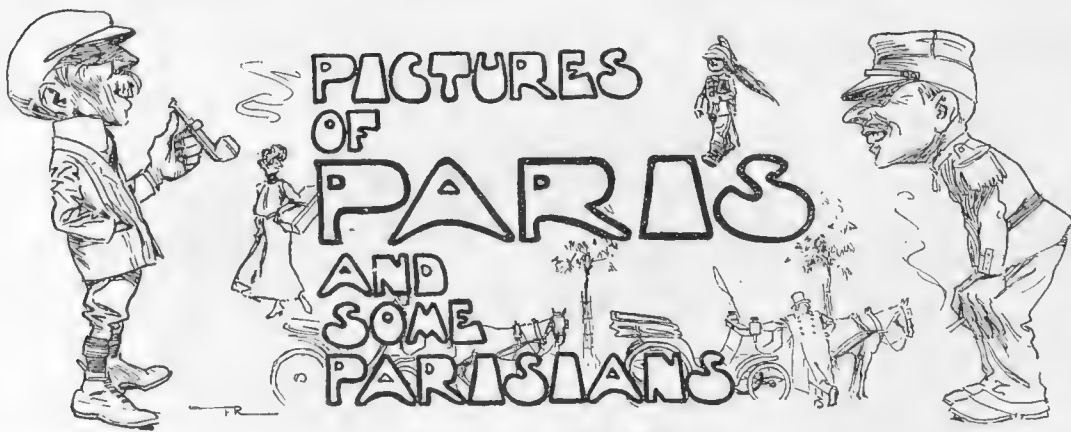
Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

"MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER," AT THE IMPERIAL.



MISS GRACE LANE AS MISS ELIZABETH PHILIPSE.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



By JOHN N. RAPHAEL.

Illustrated by FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.

II.—THE OTHER MONTMARTRE.

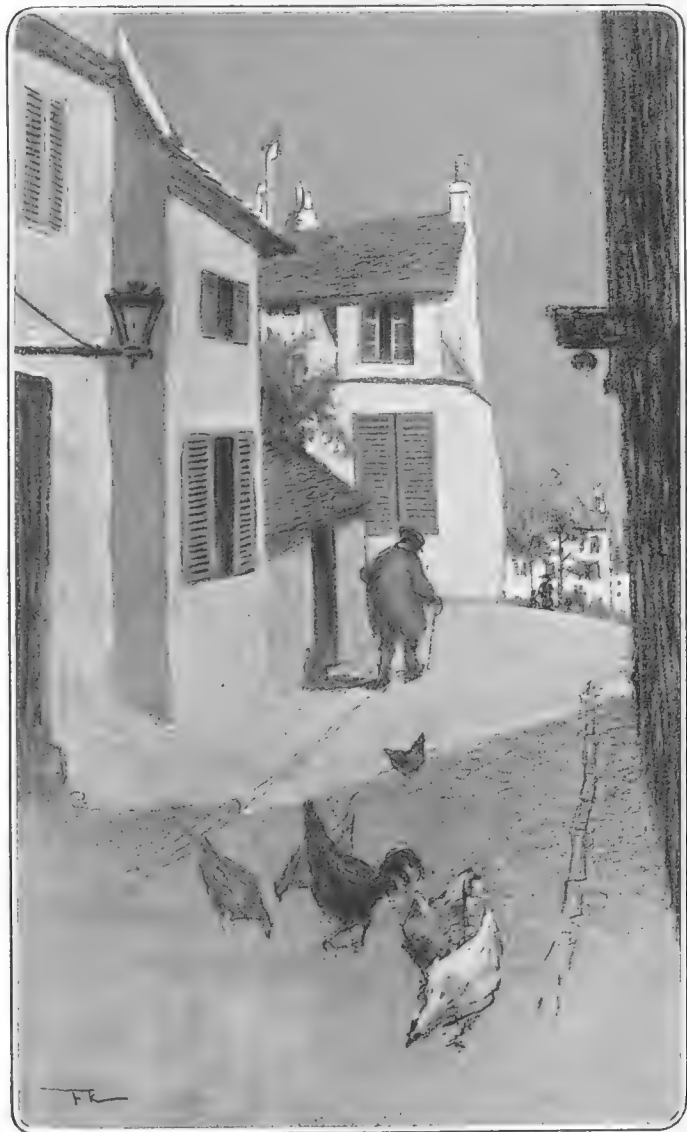
"BUT I'm sick of Montmartre," said Harold; "and surely it is not a place for Mademoiselle. The Cabaret du Ciel, the Cabaret de l'Enfer, the Néant, supper, the Moulin Rouge—my dear Vicomte, we know them all backwards; and, besides—"

"Ta-ta-ta!" exclaimed the Vicomte. "Keep on your hair and do not beat the bush about. It is not those Montmartres we shall see at all; it is the real, the other. Come, Poupoule."

And, fitting ourselves, with that mathematical exactitude which is so necessary when you are more than two, into an open cab, we drove up to the base of one of those queer streets of steps which took us from the Boulevard Rochechouart on to the summit of Montmartre's hill.

"But that's the Sacré Cœur," said Harold, peevishly, as we stood gazing up at the huge mass of white masonry, which looked as though at any moment it might topple over on to Paris. "I've read about the Sacré Cœur in 'Baedeker,' and you can see it from the Boulevards and most other places."

The Vicomte chuckled and ignored him. "You come with me," he said to Mademoiselle; "it is, your proverb says, a long street that does not turn round, and you shall see what you are going to see."



Paris had vanished.

We followed meekly, laughing at Harold's peevish "Ally, nong, pas pour aujourd'hui, boulanger," with which he warded off the efforts of the beggars who attempted to be guides, skirted the great wall of the church for a few yards, turned to the right, and then sharp to the left, and gasped.

Paris had vanished, and we were in a little country village on a hill-top, a hundred miles from anywhere.

There were fowls in the streets, the houses were as picturesque as diversity of shape and architecture and evident want of sanitary arrangements of all kinds could make them, house-doors stood open, and pipe-smoking folk in shirt-sleeves lolled about in little gardens. The pavement was of cobble-stones, grass-grown, there was no traffic whatsoever, but over everything an atmosphere of peace that was like Edgeware in the eighteenth century.

"Can this be Paris?" murmured Mademoiselle.

"Mais non, mais non; it is Montmartre," said the Vicomte.

We had wandered into an open square, round which were houses somewhat more regularly built than the wee cottages we had been passing. It reminded me of little backwaters, so to speak, in some of the old towns of Southern France which I have seen—Toulon and Avignon, among others—and, as we sat upon a stone seat under a beech-tree, and looked round at the green-shuttered windows and the sleepy, little, arboured wine-shop in the corner, the Vicomte told us that this quiet square had seen some of the most stirring moments in the history of France.

"Saint Denis lost his head here, and, *ma foi*, a good time afterwards, other Parisians lost their heads as well, for here where we are sitting were the first fights of the Communards against the soldiery. The Communards, they had the cannon; the soldiery, they had their orders; and, when they called to the revolting citizens [Harold broke into a helpless giggle here, and some of the Vicomte's direct translations are, I admit, peculiar] to give them back the guns, these shouted, 'Take them, then!' and pushed two cannon to rush headlong down the streets you see."

We went to the edge of the hill, looked, and shuddered. Below us, Paris lay like a misty sea of house-roofs, and we seemed to be perched on an eyebrow of the world. To think of cannon flying down that slope into humanity-crammed alleys was terrific. "Ah, yes, it was a very messy combat!" said the Vicomte.

We strolled into our country hamlet once again, and sat down on rough benches round a table the legs of which had still their bark on them, and there we sipped tart-tasting wine, and tried to make the landlord chat with us, while, opposite, an old man, looking for all the world like Caspar when his work was done, sat puffing at a meditative pipe, and watching Peterkin and little Wilhelmine sport on the green before him.

And then we saw the real artist for whom we had hunted in vain over the Latin Quarter. He was tall, dirty, long-haired, and unkempt. He smoked a long-stemmed pipe of cherry-wood, his shirt was open at the neck, and he strolled slowly past us with a lady garbed in a dressing-gown and slippers.

In every street, on every side, as we went slowly downhill to the right, towards the Rue Lepic and Paris, were fresh delights. The shops up here are tiny village-shops. The washerwomen work in most artistic deshabille, short-petticoated, with bare feet in heelless slippers, and, just before we reached the noise and rush of traffic, cabs, cafés, and electric tram-cars, we came upon an old-world garden in which a nun stood reading. The evening sun lit up the stained-glass window of a conservatory in the background, tinted the nun's ascetic face, and glinted on the broken bottles on the wall. We looked in silence for a moment, then went on in silence still, and not till we were in the noise of the Place Blanche could any of us speak. "By Jove!" said Harold, "and the tourist thinks he knows Montmartre!"



The real artist.

Pictures of Paris and Some Parisians.

By Frank Reynolds, R.I.



SKETCHED AT A FAIR: A NOVEL MERRY-GO-ROUND.

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

LXXXII.—MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.



A LESSON IN HARMONY.



A LESSON IN KINDNESS.



A LESSON IN GARDENING.



A LESSON IN ORNITHOLOGY.



A LESSON IN PATIENCE.



A LESSON IN ARBORICULTURE.



A LESSON FOR AUTHORS.



A LESSON IN PING-PONG.



AFTER LESSONS.

MRS. ARTHUR BOURCHIER (MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH)



IN HER DRAWING-ROOM AT "THE ALBANY," PICCADILLY.

Photographed for "The Sketch."

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THERE are some interesting items among the books and autographs of the late Canon Ainger which are to be sold in London to-day (June 22). Among the Lamb books are "John Woodvill," 1802; "Adventures of Ulysses," 1808; "Elia," First Series, 1823, and Second Series, 1833; and the rare Philadelphia edition of the Essays, both series, 1828. This was the first edition of the latter series, antedating the London issue. One Keats item is of importance—a copy of "Lamia," 1820, the title-page bearing the following inscription: "To B. Davenport, Esq., with J. Keats' compliments." At the head of the advertisement relating to "Hyperion," Keats has written "This is none of my doing—I was ill at the time." The advertisement reads: "If any apology be thought necessary for the appearance of the unfinished poem of 'Hyperion,' the publishers beg to state that they alone are responsible, as it was printed at their particular request and contrary to the wish of the author. The poem was intended to have been of equal length with 'Endymion,' but the reception given to that work discouraged the author from proceeding." Underneath the advertisement Keats has written, "This is a lie."

Republicans cannot be. The first and last article of their creed is unity; the most grinding and crushing tyranny of a convention, a directory, or a despot is less incompatible with Republican faith than the fissiparous democracy of disunionists or communalists." His "Bothwell" he describes as "ambitious, conscientious, and comprehensive." Sir Henry Taylor, we are told, approved of Mr. Swinburne's "Mary Stuart," though its reception was generally ungracious. "Private and personal appreciation I have always thought and often found more valuable and delightful than all possible or imaginable clamour of public praise." There was a panegyric of "Chastelard" in the *Saturday Review* at the time of its publication which must, I think, have given Mr. Swinburne some pleasure. I have always attributed it to John Morley, but beyond internal evidence I have nothing I can appeal to.

Mr. Swinburne is content to have his claims decided and his station determined as a lyric poet by his "Ode to Athens" and his poem on the "Armada." Of his "eulogistic and elegiac poems" he says that he finds "little to recant and nothing to repent on



[Photographed for "The Sketch."

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN, POET LAUREATE, IN HIS CELEBRATED GARDEN AT SWINFORD OLD MANOR, NEAR ASHFORD, KENT. HIS NEW PLAY, "A LESSON IN HARMONY," WAS PRODUCED AT THE GARRICK LAST THURSDAY.

The fine new edition of Ruskin goes on bravely. The Introductions which Mr. Cook, aided by Mr. Wedderburn, has provided, are full, scholarly, and instructive. Many of the new passages from Ruskin's letters are of importance. His dislike of the "Seven Lamps of Architecture" is very marked. Revising the book in 1880, he wrote: "I have made myself quite sick and ill in trying to revise 'VII. L.' The utterly useless twaddle of it, the shallow piety and sonorous talk, are very loathsome to me; and I cannot go on with it just now. The actual teaching of it is all right, and some bits are good—but it is all Fool's Paradise." Artemus Ward would have been pleased with Ruskin's shortened summary of his title.

Mr. Ruskin's criticism of his work is in great contrast to the satisfaction with which Mr. Swinburne regards his own. In the dedicatory epistle to the new and pleasant edition of his poems of which Messrs. Chatto and Windus have published the first volume, Mr. Swinburne tells us that he has nothing to regret and nothing to recant, nothing he could wish to cancel, to alter, or to unsay in any page he has ever laid before his reader. Nor does Mr. Swinburne admit himself to be an inconsistent politician. He never agreed with Hugo and Mazzini in their theology, but he is still a Republican, and a Unionist because he is a Republican. "Monarchists and anarchists may be advocates of national dissolution and reactionary division:

reconsideration of them all." There is something then, after all, that may be recanted. The name of W. B. Scott comes up irresistibly in this connection, but all will acknowledge that Mr. Swinburne is ever at his best when he indulges himself in the "noble pleasure of praising." Finally, Mr. Swinburne makes a modest claim for himself as a thinker. Poetry should not be merely a musical exercise, and, indeed, "there is no music in verse which has not in it sufficient fulness and ripeness of meaning, sufficient adequacy of emotion or of thought to abide the analysis of any other than the purblind scrutiny of prepossession, or the squint-eyed inspection of malignity." Altogether, the dedicatory epistle is pleasant and suggestive. It is, in reality, quite modest, though hasty readers may conclude otherwise. It is well that great poets should give us their own view of their own work. Even though that view may not be confirmed, it is of much literary interest. But an inspired poet is often more an instrument than a conscious agent, and he is not always and in all things qualified to sit in judgment on his critics. Mr. Swinburne's compliments to Mr. Watts-Dunton do honour to both poets: "To my best and dearest friend I dedicate the first collected edition of my poems, and to him I address what I have to say on the occasion. . . . It is nothing to me that what I write should find immediate or general acceptance; it is much to know that, on the whole, it has won for me the right to address this dedication and inscribe this edition to you."

O. O.

FOUR NEW BOOKS.

"OLIVE LATHAM."
By E. L. VOYNICH.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

almost repellent. Olive is shown to us as a young woman of ideas, a sympathiser with the poor and outcast, and, in the perhaps hardly natural course of events, an abettor of foreign revolutionaries. Love,

Reputation and Mrs. Voynich are already firm friends, and the author of "The Gadfly" will assuredly lose no ground by her presentation of "Olive Latham." The story is sad, grim,

however, as an inspiring motive, may account for anything; so that, if we once accept the possibility of an encounter between an English nursing-sister, full of zeal in the cause of suffering and of hatred for oppression of every kind, and the victims of Russian violence, it is easy enough to accept the sorrowful reading of life here given as it stands. At first, no doubt, there is some want of reality about the political grievance which stands dimly in the background of the story; but, once on Russian soil, the author, by her vivid presentation of beautiful scenery and of horrible humanity, by unflinching directness of observation, and by sharp, clear delineation of character, has built up

the reigning house, and it is imperative that its representative shall remain in his kingdom. It is, therefore, arranged that one Denis Mallory, "a most uncommon queer lot," but a gentleman, shall play the part of husband for a few hours a day, in order that the lady's reason may be saved. Mallory, unfortunately for his peace of mind, falls in love with her, and she, believing him to be her husband, with him. Such is the bare outline of the initial complications. They lead to endless ramifications which it is impossible to specify in a short space, but which include the unexpected appearance of the real Prince in Paris, the kidnapping of the unfortunate Princess by the agents of the would-be usurpers of the throne of Novodnia, and her rescue by Mallory and his friends. In less skilful hands such material would have resulted in the rankest of melodrama: Mr. Forman lifts it into drama, and occasionally into tragedy. His characterisation, major and minor, is excellent; Denis Mallory and the Princess are admirable. But one thing mars the work as an artistic whole. It should have closed with tragedy, with the death of the gallant Denis in reality instead of in rumour. It is impossible not to think that the "happy-ending" is but a sop to the seeker after conventionality.

"ANGELO BASTIANI."
By LIONEL CUST.
(Constable. 6s.)

Angelo Bastiani was a Venetian *facchino*, or stevedore. He found fairly constant employment on the quays, and lived happily with his wife, Bianca, and their children. But an accident sent him for many months to hospital, and during Angelo's illness Bianca was hard put to it to maintain herself and the family. Being a wonderful needlewoman, however, she found lucrative work at the factory of Nicolini, the great *sarto*, who had his own reasons for showing special favour towards the *facchino's* pretty spouse. Bianca, being a virtuous woman, had at length to leave the workshop to save her honour; and, when Angelo came home again, she told him all. But the *facchino* only half trusted her fidelity, and Nicolini in a lying letter confirmed the husband's jealous suspicions. So, on the Feast of the Redeemer, Angelo took a peculiarly Italian revenge with a stiletto, and was sent to prison for twelve years, during which Bianca heroically toiled to bring up her children, and kept a fair name through the direst penury. When Angelo returned from the galleys, he still suspected his wife, and the story grows in gloom until the end, for Mr. Cust escorts his hero to the madhouse and all the family save one to the tomb. The author knows his Venice, and might have written a fascinating treatise on the Italian labouring classes, but the novel is not his province. We cannot endure so many wanton strokes of Fate dealt at perfectly deserving and amiable people, and the story gains nothing by a dry and matter-of-fact style. Given a just light and shade, less strain of probability, and some dialogue to relieve the too insistent narrative form, much might have been made of the material. As it is, no story of the Police Court could be more bald and sordid. The best comment on the book, indeed, is Angelo's cry from his hospital pallet: "What have I done to deserve this punishment?"

"THE GREATNESS OF
JOSIAH PORLICK."
(John Murray. 6s.)

Why the writer of such a story as this preferred to remain anonymous is something of a puzzle, for it seems scarcely possible that it is a first book, and, even if it were, new authors are not always anxious to hide their light under a bushel. This, however, by the way. "The Greatness of Josiah Porlick" will not please everybody, and those who delight in love-interest and stirring episodes may well leave the book unread. It is, rather, a pitiless dissection of the character and real motives of a self-righteous Pharisee who subordinates everything to the pursuit of wealth and power, and, in the end, finds himself alone with his greatness—and a crippled daughter who owes her infirmity to his meanness, and yet is the one being in the whole world to believe in the inherent goodness of Josiah Porlick. His wife, who trembled at his frown, and to whom he begrudged the cost of the doctor's visits, has died, and even while she was breathing her last his mind was busy about the trifling sum of money she left behind her; his sons have been turned out of doors or have left him in disgust; he has swindled his only sister, and the children left by her to his care are discarded. Yet Josiah Porlick can always detect the finger of Providence in everything that adds to his greatness or puts money into his pockets. But when the beauty of death and what it means to the Christian is timidly suggested to him by his crippled daughter, while admitting that "there are hopes and consolations, and so forth," Mr. Porlick adds, "with a strange and almost savage vehemence, 'I hate the sight of wet clay!'" Altogether, "The Greatness of Josiah Porlick" is a remarkable book and well worth reading; but, as we said before, it will not please everybody.

"THE GARDEN OF LIES."
By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN.
(Ward, Lock. 6s.)

It is not in the least surprising that an adaptation of "The Garden of Lies" is to be produced on the stage. The story might have been written with that purpose. It contains dialogue, situations, and characters that are excellently well suited to the repertoire of such an actor as Mr. George Alexander. It must not be inferred from this, however, that it is stagey in the now generally accepted sense of the term. All the essentials of the stage-play are in it, but little of the stage-play's too frequent artificiality. If every play were an equally true reflex of life—under rare romantic conditions—there would be scarce a whisper of decadence in the theatre. Mr. Justus Miles Forman has solved the problem which proves so formidable to many novelists, and has contrived to deal with somewhat melodramatic matter in a manner that is distinctly dramatic. His plot offers many pitfalls to the amateur. A Prince of Novodnia, "on the lower Danube, all mixed up with Roumania and Servia and Bulgaria and the rest," marries a young American lady, and then, through an improbable and unexpected series of deaths, comes to the throne. His wife, being a commoner, is debarred from taking her husband's rank, but he, loving her, refuses to recognise his wedding as morganatic. Meantime, and before the Prince has become King, the Princess has had an accident which has resulted in loss of memory. She is placed with a specialist in Paris, is told of her marriage, and at once frets for her husband, imagining that there is a plot to keep her from him. In Novodnia "the pestilent Pavelovitches" seek to overthrow



MR. T. A. BROWNE ("ROLF BOLDREWOOD"),
AUTHOR OF "ROBBERY UNDER ARMS."
Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

THINGS OVERHEARD BY JOHN HASSALL.



"Can yer 'elp a pore man, Mum, who's got a sick child at 'ome and six small wives?"

THE HUMOURIST AT THE BARBER'S.

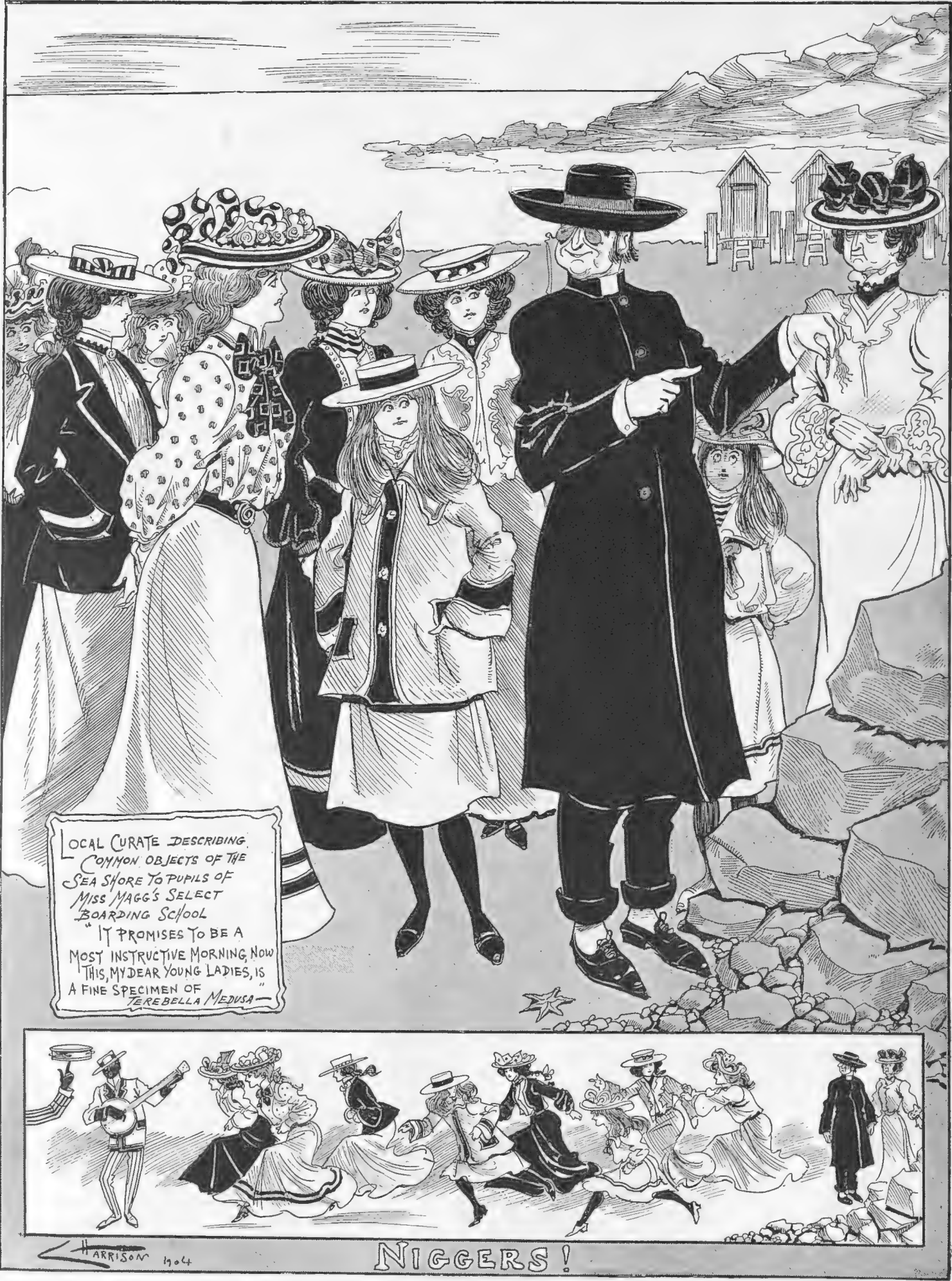


"That's the third time you've cut me!"

"Thankyer, Sir. I was beginning to lose count."

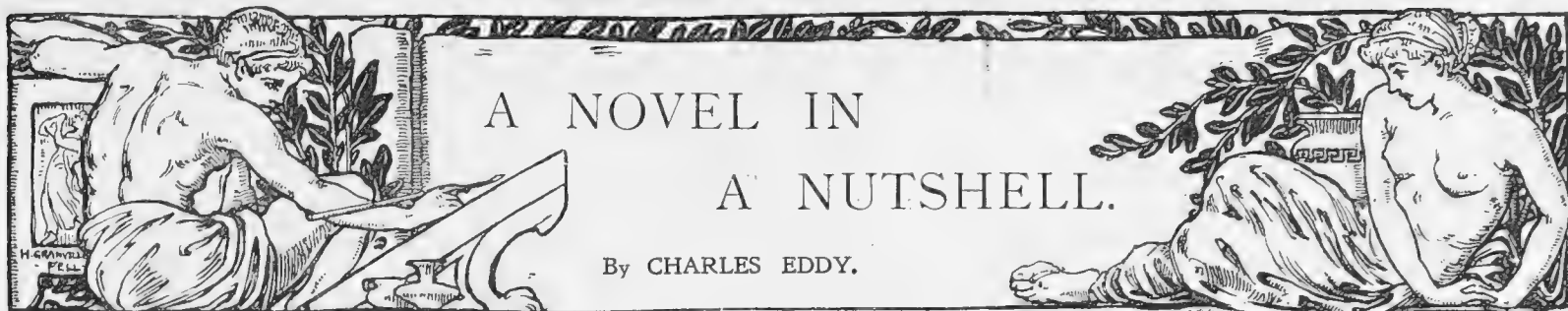
DRAWN BY G. D. ARMOUR.

THE HUMOURIST AT THE SEASIDE.



RIVAL ATTRACTIONS.

DRAWN BY C. HARRISON.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

By CHARLES EDDY.

LADY FIRBRIGHT'S NECKLACE.

LADY FIRBRIGHT was talking rather excitedly in her box at the Opera. She was laughing with vehemence, and flashing her dark eyes on the man by her side. This in itself would not have been unusual, but the man was her husband.

She had been somewhat listless when they took their seats, for the hearing of an opera was to her a boring function which had to be supported, but which usually gave her a headache and made her cross. She had raked the tiers of boxes for familiar faces, and had indulged in petulant remarks about the people whom she recognised. Then suddenly she had put down the double-barrelled glass and relapsed into what somebody once called a burst of silence.

Had Sir John Firbright been a close observer, he would have noticed that she first flushed and then went pale. But he was, fortunately, nothing of the kind, and her emotion was promptly quelled.

Sir John, who was not accustomed to be talked to by his wife, at first made little response. He did not analyse the position, for analysis was not in his line; but, if he had done so, he would probably have decided that she was sparkling to impress some onlooker and that the unusual ebullience would soon die down. But she kept it up, and he, at length, was moved to wonder.

"You're very chatty to-night, Laura," said he.

"Don't you like it?" she asked, giving him one of the glances which had first brought him to her feet, but the effect of which he had almost forgotten.

"Of course I like it, old girl!" said he. "Go ahead."

She went ahead, and appeared to want to keep all his attention to herself. When he took up the discarded opera-glasses to look round the house, she put her hand on his arm to check him.

"Do look at me for once, Jack," she said.

He turned to her in amused surprise.

"Don't you remember how jealous I used to be when you looked at other women through those things?"

"Can I make you jealous now?" He gave her a mischievous glance and raised the binocular to his eyes.

"I won't have it, Jack!" She snatched at it with a nervous tremble, and he let her secure it.

"I hope you're not sickening for something, Laura," he said, with a grave twinkle.

"Don't be horrid! I just feel that I want you to talk to me."

"Is it bills?" he asked.

"I expect it's some sort of confession," she said, brightly. "You know what wives are nowadays."

She leaned towards him and compelled his eyes.

"It's a good thing I'm a married man," said he, "or it might be dangerous."

"Lots of men would love their wives," said Lady Firbright, "if they didn't happen to be married to them."

"Well, I give it up," said Sir John; but he was an easy conquest, as he had been on the first memorable occasion.

She talked to him and made him laugh. She flirted with him and made him happy. She even pinched his hand and made him remember. When the music began, she continued to whisper, and gave the slightest suggestion of sitting closer to him. But as the Act proceeded she relapsed into silence, and stole more than one glance through the darkened house at a box opposite, which was occupied also by a man and a woman. A heavy-looking man and a handsome but vulgar-looking woman.

When she had first seen them, they were staring hard at her with an air of insolence, and the woman had smiled maliciously into the glasses when they rested upon her.

Lady Firbright, in the one surprised moment during which she met the impudent gaze, had seen the necklace on the woman's bosom. It was a superb necklace of wonderful stones. A necklace which could be nothing but an heirloom, and which appeared as much out of place as a coronet on a dairymaid.

She knew the necklace well, for it was her own.

In the gloom which was necessary to the performance, Lady Firbright felt the woman's eyes upon her, and even fancied that she detected a sneer upon the face of the man.

What did the horrid creatures mean to do? Were they going to shame her openly, or were they merely threatening her? Did they want her husband to recognise the jewels, which had been in his family for generations, or did they want other people to recognise them and to make guesses at the truth?

She felt her heart grow sick at the possibility, and she dreaded the moment when the Act would be over and the lights turned up again. All too soon it came, and the necessity was upon her for renewed action. Her husband's eyes sought hers with a questioning look, as though seeking to discover if the unusual experience were to be continued or whether it had already worn out its brief existence. She shut her own eyes for a moment, gave a little shudder at the ordeal, and then, with heroic courage, made a dash into small-talk and flippancy.

It was with profound relief that she presently heard the door of the box open behind her, and gathered by intuition that a friend had come to her aid.

"How are you, Fosworthy?" said Sir John, and Lady Firbright turned a tired but sincere look of welcome upon the new-comer. He was a well-turned-out young man of the usual type, and he made no secret of the fact that his eyes were all for her. She made him see that she wanted him, and he took his seat with an air of having come to stay which comforted her. But, even as she abandoned herself to the hope of relief, a fresh shock was sprung upon her.

"That woman in the box opposite keeps staring at you, Laura. Who is she?" asked Sir John.

It was inevitable that the eyes of all three should be fixed for a moment on the offending pair, and, to the lady's horror, they took advantage of the position to bow markedly.

"Why, they know you!" said her husband, in surprise.

Lady Firbright, with an effort, assumed an air of stony indifference and looked blankly at the box. The man and woman bowed again, but this time with an almost familiar nod.

"I've no idea who they are," said she, but was constrained to return the most distant of salutations.

"She's wearing some good jewels," said Sir John.

"Is she?" said Lady Firbright, trying to speak in an uninterested manner; but her voice caught in a way which made Bertie Fosworthy look at her. She tried to convey to him her need of help, for she did not mind what he found out. But, although he stared with desire to understand, it was evident that he was still in the dark.

"Funny thing," remarked Sir John, and he took up the binocular and fixed it to his eyes. This time she had not the spirit to stay him.

"Her necklace looks very like yours," said he, after a pause which seemed endless.

"What nonsense!" she replied, faintly.

"It's the very image," said he. "I'll have a little wager with you. Have a look, and, when we get back, we'll compare it with yours. A pair of gloves against a new tie."

Lady Firbright tried to smile as she took the opera-glass. The couple opposite were deriving obvious pleasure from the interest they aroused. She elevated the glasses; but, unable to meet the derision of the woman, closed her eyes as she pretended to look.

"Well, what do you say?" asked Sir John.

"There is a resemblance," said Lady Firbright, and her voice sounded strange to her ears.

"Let me have a try," said Fosworthy, and this time there was intelligence in his eye. He stared for a long moment, and, when he turned to her, she observed with relief that he understood.

"It is very like it," said he. "It's just what these people would do. She's probably seen it on you and got a copy."

"Beastly cheek!" remarked Sir John. Lady Firbright felt incapable of further self-help; but Bertie Fosworthy, now alive to the position, deftly led the talk elsewhere, and presently proposed an early supper, to which Sir John, who disliked the Opera, readily assented.

When they finally parted at the door of Claridge's, Lady Firbright seized an opportunity to whisper a request to the young man to see her in the morning. Her husband, when they reached home, happily forgot about the wager; and she, in terror lest he should revert to it, pleaded a headache and fled to her room.

In the morning, Bertie turned up an hour before lunch, and Lady Firbright received him promptly.

"Sorry I was such an ass last night," said he. "Tell me all about it."

"His name is Beddington," said she.

"Is she Mrs. Beddington?"

"Yes. He got an introduction to me for some reason or other."

"Wanted a lift, eh?" said Bertie.

"Yes—you know the sort of thing," replied the lady. "He was told I could help him to know people."

"I see."

"It began by playing 'Bridge'; and, in one way or another, I came to owe him quite a lot of money."

"You thought he was good business?" said Fosworthy.

"I don't know what I thought," said Lady Firbright, and for a moment she found it difficult to meet the young man's eyes.

"Then I suppose he got impudent?"

She did not answer.

"Shall I horsewhip him?" asked Bertie Fosworthy, with a sudden glow of heat.

"Don't be silly," said the lady; but she looked at him kindly. Threats of personal violence have an irresistible charm for the female breast.

"Well, what did he do?" The young man's voice grew sulky.

"I had to snub him," said Lady Firbright. "He didn't see it at first, but when he understood he was very nasty."

"I wish I'd known before," said Bertie, with an angry glare.

"I can't tell you what he said, but I had to order him out of the house. He snarled and said I should be sorry for it."

"The brute!"

"He was right," said the lady, with a catch in her voice. "I am sorry for it."

Bertie Fosworthy scowled at the carpet.

"Then he sent a horrid little man to see me to demand his money. I was in an awful fix. I couldn't tell Jack."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"It would have been no use, Bertie. It was nearly two thousand pounds."

The young man's jaw dropped.

"As I couldn't pay him, he said he must have some security, and so—and so—"

"You gave him the necklace?"

"Yes; but he was to give it me back when I paid him." She looked at him with a beseeching air. "I couldn't help myself, Bertie."

"Go on," said he, gloomily.

"Last week, Beddington wrote and said that he wanted the money, and that the necklace was no good to him."

"Yes?"

"I didn't answer his letter, and now he is letting his wife wear it." She gave a little, hysterical laugh.

Bertie Fosworthy ground his teeth in silence.

"They evidently mean people to see that I owe them money," said Lady Firbright, pathetically, for she was very sorry for herself; "and I can't possibly pay them."

"Suppose Jack finds out?"

"Oh, don't!" she exclaimed, with a shudder. "He'd never forgive me. You see, they're his family jewels."

Lady Firbright had brought neither money nor jewels to her husband. She had only brought him her large eyes and her attractive personality. It was her habit to forget this, but she could not help remembering it now.

At that moment, a servant entered bearing a note. The lady opened it with a scared air, and, when the man had gone, read it aloud—

"Mr. Henry Beddington presents his compliments to Lady Firbright and begs to remind her that he has received no reply to his letter of the 6th inst."

She looked at Bertie Fosworthy in fresh alarm.

"He means business," said he.

"What can I do?" said she.

"I wonder if I could get to know them," said Bertie, after a pause.

A little hope came into her eyes as she looked at him. Then an idea grew in the young man's mind, and he laid the skeleton of it before her.

"Oh! won't it be dreadfully risky?" she asked.

"It's a kind of off-chance," said he. "If it doesn't come off there'll be no harm done. However, I'll see how it works. It may be nipped in the bud at the start, so don't count on it."

Bertie Fosworthy sat in the stalls at the Opera that night, and chance quickly favoured him in that he came across a man who knew Mrs. Beddington. His request for an introduction was easily granted, and for half-an-hour he did his best to curry favour with the lady. To the husband he showed no kind of attention, which he deemed to be the surest way of averting any possible suspicion.

"I like that young man," said Mrs. Beddington, when he had gone.

"He's one of her Ladyship's hangers-on," replied the man. "I saw him looking at the necklace. It'll be all over the town presently."

"Yes. We'll knock some of the cheek out of her," said Mrs. Beddington, venomously. She had her own private account with Lady Firbright.

Bertie Fosworthy dropped into the Opera every night for nearly a week, and at length his patience was rewarded. Mrs. Beddington came one evening unattended by her husband. When the young man appeared at the door of her box, she received him with obvious pleasure, and volunteered the explanation that "Henry was playing 'Bridge' somewhere." Bertie settled down to stay and made himself agreeable. He noticed with satisfaction that she was wearing the necklace; but he gave all his attention to her fine if rather bold eyes, and did not commit the indiscretion of seeming to admire her jewellery.

Once only did he excuse himself for a few minutes, and then he gave a message to an attendant, accompanied by a sovereign.

Several men dropped in during the evening, for the Beddingtons were very rich; but Bertie yielded his seat to none, nor did the lady seem to desire his departure. He permitted himself to look as if he wanted to make love whenever they were alone, and Mrs. Beddington intimated by the rolling of her eyes that she was not averse to the earlier stages, at all events.

"May I put you into your carriage?" he asked, when the curtain fell.

"I'm sure it's very kind of you, Mr. Fosworthy," said she. "But don't let me trouble you."

He assured her, somewhat ornately, that any trouble in such case could only be a pleasure, and accompanied her to the vestibule. There was the usual scramble in progress, but no alert groom darted forward to catch her eye.

"Peters isn't here," said Mrs. Beddington, after they had waited a minute or two.

"Isn't your carriage here?" asked Bertie.

"It doesn't look like it," said she.

"Oh, it must be," said the young man, assuringly. He secured the attention of a runner with difficulty, but, after an irritating five minutes, the man came back with the news that the carriage was not on the rank.

Mrs. Beddington began to look cross.

"It's quite fine," said Bertie; "suppose we walk along and look for ourselves."

"There'll be a row about this," said the lady, who was now undisguisedly vexed; but she took his arm, and together they wandered along the line of carriages, peering for the aggressive Beddington crest on the panels. The lady's temper grew rapidly worse, but Bertie rose to the occasion and decided that they must have a cab.

"Perhaps you'll let me come with you, as you're naturally upset?" he asked.

"It's very kind of you, Mr. Fosworthy," she replied. "But there'll be a shindy about this in the morning."

He found a hansom, helped her in, and jumped in after her.

Next morning, Bertie Fosworthy called on Lady Firbright.

"Oh, Bertie," she began at once, "Mrs. Beckett has seen the necklace on that odious woman! What shall I do?"

"She's mistaken," said Bertie, gravely.

"Of course, I said so; but how long will they believe me?"

"You must wear it and prove her wrong."

She looked at him with a widening stare, which changed to incredulous delight as he produced the necklace from his pocket and placed it on the table.

"Oh, you dear boy!" she cried. "How did you do it?"

Bertie Fosworthy looked rather gloomy.

"I bribed a man to send a message that the carriage was not to wait, but was to pick up Mrs. Beddington at the Carlton at half-past twelve."

"Yes?" said Lady Firbright, eagerly.

"Then we took a hansom, and I intended to try and steal the necklace somehow as I helped her out."

"Don't say 'steal'!" said the lady, reproachfully.

"But an unexpected bit of luck, I suppose I must call it, came to my help. The horse fell down, and, as I scrambled her out of the cab, the necklace came undone and fell at my feet. She was too flurried to notice, and I whipped it up and stuffed it in my pocket. Then I put her in a four-wheeler and let her go the rest of the way by herself."

"How clever of you, Bertie!" said Lady Firbright, and the delight in her eyes was unrestrained.

"I feel a beastly blackguard," said he.

"You did it for me," she whispered, softly.

"Yes, I know, and I suppose I should do it again. But the money must be scraped up somehow and sent to him at once."

"I don't see that there's any hurry," said she, petulantly.

"But I do!" exclaimed Bertie, with fierceness.

"Oh, very well," said Lady Firbright, coldly. "Another time I'll ask somebody else to help me."

In the Beddington *ménage* there was a very uncomfortable twenty-four hours. Mrs. Beddington's tears did not assuage Mr. Beddington's wrath, while the unfortunate coachman was discharged in the morning with a volley of abuse. A wild but private search was instituted for the necklace, for Beddington foresaw much trouble if it were not forthcoming. But when, in the course of a few days, he received payment of the money which Lady Firbright owed him, unaccompanied by any request for the return of the jewels, some idea of the truth was conveyed to his mind.

He was wise enough to hold his peace. Lady Firbright wore her necklace in public, and Bertie Fosworthy made a point of securing the discharged coachman a fresh situation. But there arose a coolness between him and the lady.

"What's the matter with Fosworthy?" asked Sir John, on a subsequent occasion, when the young man passed with a frigid bow.

"Oh!" said Lady Firbright, in a casual way, "I'm afraid I had to snub him."

"What for?"

"Never mind. Young men sometimes forget themselves."

By which ungrateful stroke of diplomacy she knew well that her husband would feel himself compelled to drop Bertie Fosworthy without inquiry.

THE END.

THE HUMOURIST ON THE CONTINENT.



DRAWN BY LEWIS BAUMER.

THE TIME-LIMIT.

By J. A. T. LLOYD.

IT was August, and intensely hot, and, though there was positively nobody in town, London was crowded with panting human flesh.

In a particular West-End terrace, however, life was anything but strenuous. A yawning policeman promenaded slowly past the odd numbers, while a young girl, exquisitely dressed, was walking briskly past the even in the opposite direction. Except for these two human beings the terrace was deserted. The girl hesitated before the last house and stared a little wistfully at the hall-door. Then she swung round the corner and hesitated again. It was all so quiet, so ridiculously like the country. A man had been painting the gate; the brushes and paint-pot were still there. Evidently he had gone for refreshment. The gate was open. The girl thought hard for half-a-minute or so, and took something that closely resembled an Easter-egg out of her pocket. She entered the garden and deposited this beneath a rhododendron-bush. Glancing at the house, she saw that the French-window leading into what looked like a library was open. Here again there was evidence of quite recently interrupted work. Somebody had been cleaning windows, and, as likely as not, the girl reasoned, had joined the house-painter in the quest of mutual solace. The girl walked quietly into the house and rang the bell. Then she sat down in the most comfortable chair in the room. A minute or two later a puzzled butler stared protest and admiration at her from the doorway.

"Tell Mr. Samuels that I shall see him here, in this room; it will be cooler. Yes; now! Lady Laura Bridgevale, and do be quick."

The butler bowed and withdrew.

In a few minutes, a fat, stooping Israelite shuffled furtively into the library. The girl smiled at him.

"It's horribly hot," she said, gently; "I thought it would be cooler in the library. Do sit down."

"Bridgevale—Lady Laura Bridgevale," he muttered.

The brazen cover of "Debrett" confronted them both from the near corner of a bookcase.

"I don't seem to remember," he continued, and he moved a pace towards that corner.

"No, no; it's no use," the girl interrupted. "I'm not Lady Laura Bridgevale; I just said the first name that came into my head."

Puffy and startled, the man turned on her. "You mean," he stammered, "false pretences—in the City—I never heard—"

The girl laughed out loud. She had a nice laugh. "There isn't much time," she said, looking straight into his eyes.

"What do you mean?" At the moment, he wished that his son, Montmorency, were at home. He hated talking to these insolent women of fashion, who mocked him even while they clutched for his money. "What do you mean?" he repeated, avoiding her eyes.

"I want a hundred pounds," said the girl, brightly.

For an instant the dull, heavy eyebrows were raised. Then they relaxed into their old furtiveness.

"Yes, I want it at once," continued the girl. "They said you were prompt and liberal."

"Who said?" gasped Mr. Samuels.

"The daily papers, of course. Why, it's everywhere, and they say you won't take security."

"Security! What? Why, you must be mad! In the City—you come to me talking like that—calling yourself Lady Laura Bridgevale, and talking about a hundred to my face. Do you think I find a hundred pounds in my garden?" He broke off abruptly. His angry pomposity fell flaccid beneath the scrutiny of her stare. Again the desire for Montmorency came to him. The oily, varnished tongue of his son had always smoothed such predicaments as the present. She might be laughing at him; she might be a Duchess for all he knew. He dared not express the insolence of his soul.

"I want a hundred pounds," continued the girl, "and—yes, ten shillings for a hansom."

"I can't do it," said the man of business, his teeth closing in angry finality.

"You've got to do it, Mr. Samuels," said the girl.

"Do you mean just on your note-of-hand?"

"Yes, I do; but there's a time-limit—for you."

Something like a gloomy grin passed over the money-lender's face. "You mean a promissory note—three months?"

"I mean ten minutes, and three have gone already."

This time he thought she really was mad, and he jerked his body forward like an animal in pain.

For a moment Mr. Samuels's dull eyes wandered to the clock on the mantelpiece.

"I think you'd better just rest, Madam," he said, feebly, eyeing the door sideways as he spoke.

"There isn't much time for rest," said the girl.

Fear came to him. From the yellow, heavy eyelids drops of

perspiration started, almost like tears. The forehead contracted, the usurer looked years older.

The girl played with the tassel on her red parasol. "It's like this, Mr. Samuels," she began, kindly. "Do you know what a time-fuse is?"

"In the City—," he began, and then he collapsed.

"I don't mean in the City," said the girl. "I mean among the Anarchists."

The word shook him. The girl knew that he would not try to escape. She held him easily in his chair with her eyes.

"You see, Mr. Samuels," she continued, airily, "there's been quite a lot of bomb-throwing lately, in Paris, in Vienna—they watch them there. It's much easier in London, Mr. Samuels." As she spoke she rose from her chair and glanced out of the French-window. "It's in the garden, Mr. Samuels, and it's a ten-minute fuse!"

"My God!" groaned Mr. Samuels, as he staggered to his feet.

"It's no use calling the police," said the girl; "that won't help you. I'm not an Anarchist, you know; I'm just a girl who wants a hundred pounds and ten shillings, and I *do* want it very badly, Mr. Samuels."

"Do you mean that there is a bomb in my garden? Do you mean, while you sit twirling your flimsy fal-lals, that me and mine may be blown to eternity?" The terrible fear in his yellow face made him for the moment something other than comic to his visitor.

For the instant she relapsed into seriousness.

"You see, Mr. Samuels, it's as quiet as the country here. London's like a village out of the Season. I was just walking behind him; he was horrid and shaggy. I think he was a little mad, Mr. Samuels. He threw the thing in just like this," she added, waving her arm, "and then he said, out loud, 'Usurer, ten minutes for your prayers.' I didn't think he was a nice man, Mr. Samuels. There was no policeman about, and so I came in to tell you myself. But I do so want that hundred pounds—and ten shillings for the hansom. No, it's no good making a noise, and shouting for the servants or the police—they can't help you; there's nobody in London who can help you, Mr. Samuels, but I. You see, while they're arresting me, you will be blown into heaven."

"I'll do it," said the money-lender, and the girl could not face the animal terror of his eyes.

"Here, take it!" In a moment he had thrust ten ten-pound notes into her hands.

"Wait a moment," said the girl; "we have three more minutes. I can't be found with the bomb, Mr. Samuels, or they'll arrest me as an Anarchist. Can you catch, Mr. Samuels?"

"You don't mean that you are going to throw the accursed thing at me?"

"The accursed thing is as harmless as a chocolate-box until the time-limit," said the girl. "It's like this," she continued, taking a little parcel from the pocket of her skirt. "You see this little bonbon-box, Mr. Samuels; imagine the fuse, the ten-minute fuse, Mr. Samuels, placed here at the side. For ten minutes that little bomb is as harmless as an inkstand. Throw the fuse into water one second before the time-limit, and you are safe. There's a carafe at your elbow; look, you have just a clear minute; put those notes into this little Easter-egg—you see I mean fair play—throw it to me out of the window, and you will receive, in perfect safety, the most deadly investment of modern life. Ah, I forgot the half-sovereign, Mr. Samuels."

The money-lender had already adjusted the notes, and began to fumble savagely in his pocket for this purchase of life.

The girl walked airily out of the French-window.

"Now, then, Mr. Samuels, I'm ready!" she cried, extending her daintily gloved hands.

Something between a prayer and a curse died hard between Mr. Samuels's throat and lips. He threw the little bundle out of the window, and the girl caught it easily. She stepped lightly towards the rhododendron-bush and stooped down.

"Catch, Mr. Samuels!"

The money-lender extended his arms. It struck him somewhere between the throat and the diaphragm, and he staggered back, clutching blindly at the table to save himself. He rushed to the carafe and poured its contents over the harmless-looking little object. Then he wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

Nothing happened. Gingerly Mr. Samuels removed what seemed to be the lid. He found a small piece of paper on which was scrawled an "I O U" for a hundred pounds and ten shillings, with a time-limit of three months noted in brackets.

When Mr. Samuels, not without a hint of fear in his voice, repeats this story to his old cronies, he always adds that what appears to him most extraordinary about the whole affair is that the money was actually repaid anonymously within the given time.

THE END.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE reappearance of Mrs. Patrick Campbell at the West-End, from which she has been too long absent, is an event which will unquestionably give a note of distinction to the theatrical season. The success of "Warp and Woof" has been phenomenal, and last week, at the Coronet, some six extra rows of stalls had to

be put in to accommodate those who were anxious to see the play.

Mr. Zangwill must assuredly be a happy man in view of the favour with which his dramatic work is being accepted. Early in the autumn we are promised his play which has been one of the successes of the American season, "Merely Mary Ann," while, for next season, arrangements have been made for the production of his new work, "The Serio-comic Governess," in which Miss Cecilia Loftus will play the principal part at the Lyceum Theatre, New York. Hitherto, like Mr. H. V. Esmond, Mr. Zangwill's chief dramatic successes have been won in the great land across the Atlantic, but "Merely Mary Ann" will, it is hoped, belie the recent experiences of American exports of tinned drama, and repeat its success in the land of Mr. Zangwill's home.

The admirers of Miss Evelyn Millard

by the leading London papers, Mr. Carson believes that in the sensation of the fight on the staircase he has a fortune in the provinces, and he has accordingly arranged to take the play on a long tour, starting in the middle of August.

Incidentally, this play has been used as a text, on which many a sermon has been preached in theatrical circles, on the fallacy of taking an American verdict as a criterion for English audiences. "A Gentleman of France" succeeded in America as conspicuously as it failed in London. The reason is not far to seek. The conditions are almost entirely different. In America the actor is practically on tour all the time, with, as a rule, an engagement rarely lasting over a week—and that even in New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, and the other chief cities—while it may be only three nights, or even one night, in the smaller towns. A favourite actor can therefore command a certain attention even in a poor play, but the standard is, naturally, not the standard of London, for, so long as an interesting story is told, especially if it is a pretty, "romantic" story, the play will be accepted for the sake of the plot, plus the attraction of the "star."



MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL AS MAJOR JOHN COLDEN IN "MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER."

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

will be gratified by the announcement that, after a long absence from the stage, she has resolved to resume the active exercise of her art. She will reappear after her summer holidays, which, in anticipation of a long season, have already begun, and she is rusticating in one of the most beautiful places in Worcestershire.

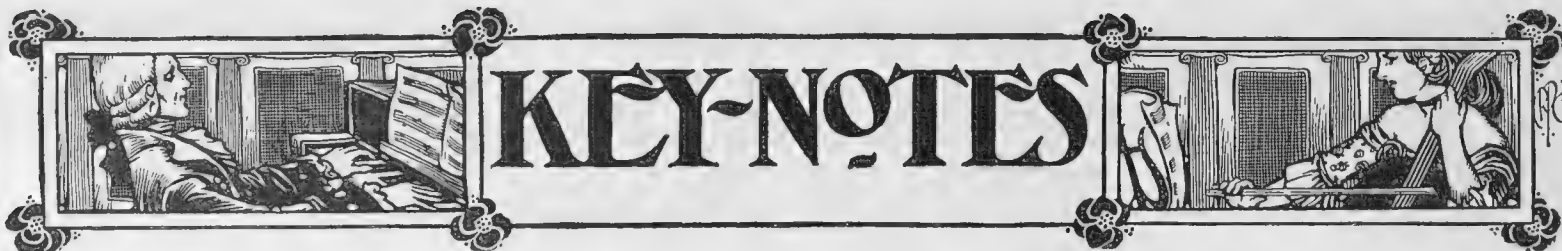
The retirement of Miss Hilda Trevelyan from the St. James's to appear at the Strand has given Miss Sydney Fairbrother the opportunity of playing Amanda in "'Op o' Me Thumb." Incidentally, the engagement serves to demonstrate the way in which parts get labelled with the names of popular actors, and several clever people, for physical or other reasons—but chiefly physical—are selected for those parts when the original of the type cannot be obtained. In this case, Amanda is a "Louie Freeear part." When Miss Freeear left the cast of "A Chinese Honeymoon," Miss Trevelyan was engaged, and, when Miss Trevelyan left, Miss Maud Sinclair. If Miss Fairbrother were to leave the St. James's to-morrow, the chances are a hundred to one that Miss Sinclair would fill her place. Similarly, there are "Wyndham parts," and Mr. Henry Neville and Mr. Charles V. France seem now to have a monopoly of them in the country; while there are "Willard parts"—intense villains, though Mr. Willard has dropped villainy for virtue; "Beerbohm Tree parts," though, again, Mr. Tree has almost entirely eliminated them from his regular line of work; "Lottie Venne parts," and so on.

Mr. Murray Carson, with his arm in a sling, has been the subject of much commiserating sympathy during the last week and more, this result being due to an accident which befell him the last night on which he played "A Gentleman of France" at the Avenue. The accident, however, was not made the pretext for the premature closing of the theatre, where Mr. Carson's tenancy did not expire until last Friday evening. Undeterred by the fact that the play was not to the taste of London and that it was practically unanimously condemned



MADAME RÉJANE AS "LA MONTANSIER" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.

Photograph by Boyer, Paris.



CONCERTS during the past week have been so numerous that it would have been a superhuman task to keep pace with them. On Saturday, June 11, Madame Adelina Patti gave her only concert for this season at the Albert Hall, a concert which was attended by a very numerous and enthusiastic audience. She was assisted by Miss Ada Crossley, Mr. William Green (just home from singing at the Cincinnati Festival), Mr. Mark Hambourg, Mr. Jean Gérardy, and others. Madame Patti's singing of Mozart has always been one of her greatest accomplishments, and on this occasion she sang "Voi che Sapete" with her ripeness of vocal charm and with intense feeling. Miss Ada Crossley was in remarkably good voice, and sang "Ombra mai fu," giving to it all the richness of her really good contralto voice. It is odd to think how few really great contraltos we possess among our English concert-singers. Mr. William Green sang "Adelaide" in excellent style; his is a wonderfully pure tenor voice, and during the past few years he seems to have gained enormously in power. During the afternoon, two little children came upon the platform in order to present Patti with bouquets of flowers—quite a charming idea.

On the same afternoon, the Crystal Palace celebrated its Jubilee by giving a very fine performance of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." The singing of the solo parts was taken by Madame Albani, Miss Agnes Nicholls, and Mr. Ben Davies, who were excellent in every respect; the rendering of "I Waited for the Lord" by Madame Albani and Miss Agnes Nicholls was exceptionally good. Mr. Santley's singing of Wagner's "Star of Eve" was a fine feature of the afternoon, and it was greeted with an immense enthusiasm which must have been most gratifying to a singer who has done so much towards making Oratorio the great popular form of art which it now undoubtedly is in England. Miss Muriel Foster also received quite an ovation for her singing of "Che farò," not by any means the finest melody of Gluck's "Orfeo." Nevertheless, the beauty of her voice and her intense feeling made the interpretation quite memorable. After the Concert, Sir August Manns was greeted with immense enthusiasm by the vast audience, the Orchestra, and the Chorus.

Herr Kubelik was welcomed at the Queen's Hall on Saturday by a very enthusiastic audience, this being his first appearance in London this season. He played Bach's Suite in D Minor with all his accustomed fluency and breadth of manner, though, perhaps, in his rendering of the famous "Chaconne" he was a little lacking in purity of style. In Paganini's "Variations" he was wonderfully successful, and also in Ernst's Concerto in F-sharp Minor, which he interpreted with consummate skill. Mr. Ludwig Schwab was the accompanist of the afternoon, and Mr. Landon Ronald the solo pianist. The vocalist was Mr. John Harrison, who sang with much expression two numbers from Mr. Ronald's Song-Cycle "Summertime," "Daybreak," and "Night,"



MDLLE. JOHANNE STOCKMAR,
A DANISH PIANIST WHO WILL PLAY AT ST. JAMES'S HALL
ON JUNE 30.

Photograph by Julie Laurberg, Copenhagen

and, though all are distinguished by much musicianly feeling, the last of the series is, perhaps, the finest of the three.

The first performance this season of Verdi's "Aïda" was given on Monday evening at Covent Garden, with Madame Kirkby Lunn as Amneris and Miss Russ as Aïda. Miss Russ sang, for the most part, extremely well, but it was a pity that she exaggerated her stage appearance quite so much. Madame Kirkby Lunn has surely seldom been heard to better advantage than on this occasion; her vocalisation was quite at its best, and her singing was almost passionate in its pathos. Signor Caruso, as Radamès, was splendid; there is no tenor at the present time that we know of can equal him, and on this occasion he quite surpassed himself. Signor Scotti was an admirable Amonasro, and Signor Plançon's singing of the part of Ramfis was wonderfully dignified, as everything which this artist undertakes always is. Signor Mancinelli conducted with his usual vigour, and the Chorus sang remarkably well.

COMMON CHORD.

Mdlle. Johanne Stockmar, the Danish pianist, will make her first appeal to a London audience on the 30th inst. at St. James's Hall. She is the daughter of a violinist of the Copenhagen Opera House, and a connection of the famous Baron Stockmar who was the friend and adviser of the late Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. After studying in Copenhagen for some time, Mdle. Stockmar went to Paris, and there became a pupil of M. Néruda. Since

then she has played in Germany and toured in the provinces in this country with Lady Hallé. She has had the honour of playing in Copenhagen with Queen Alexandra, with whom she is a great favourite, and has been "commanded" to Buckingham Palace on more than one occasion. Mdle. Stockmar's concert at St. James's Hall will be under the immediate patronage of Her Majesty, who has promised to be present.

Mdlle. Antonia Dolorès, as she elects to be called, is the daughter of the late Madame Trebelli, the celebrated vocalist, whose will created such a sensation and was the cause of a famous lawsuit. It will be remembered that, after the completion of the case, Mdle. Dolorès left England, taking with her certain French jewels, and that, as these were willed to the Royal Academy of Music, a writ of attachment was issued against her. For the past ten years, Mdle. Dolorès has sung with great success abroad, particularly in Australia, where she is very popular. Now, however, that she has come to an agreement with the Royal Academy of Music with regard to the points at issue, she is free once more to sing in this country, and, since she is an accomplished vocalist and has inherited her mother's fine presence and histrionic gifts, she should be a decided acquisition not only to the London concert-platform but also to the operatic stage.



MDLLE. ANTONIA DOLORÈS (DAUGHTER OF MADAME TREBELLI),
WHO HAS RETURNED TO THE LONDON CONCERT-PLATFORM.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.



The Great Race—German Forethought—Police Evidence—Numbers—Climbing Snowden.

AT the moment of writing, the issue of the Gordon Bennett race in the Taunus appears to be a very open question, although my readers know as they read these lines the result of the big race. Whether England wins or not, I make bold to say that she has had very bad luck from the beginning—that is to say, from the moment of Earp's accident to the sudden breaking of Mr. S. F. Edge's crank-shaft while making his first practice circuit of the Taunus course, while I believe I am right in saying that Mr. Jarrott has also had some minor troubles with his Wolseley. Indeed, troubles were the order of the day amongst the competing cars in the early part of the week. The Austrian Daimlers were mostly down, as were the "F.I.A.T.'s"; but no capital can be made of that, seeing that these demoniac road-machines are built with the narrowest possible margin of safety—if, indeed, they possess a margin anywhere. But for the excellence of the roads chosen by the German Automobile Club, the surfaces of which, I am told, are equal to the best in France, mishaps would assuredly have been more frequent.

Too much praise clearly cannot be given the German Automobile Club and the German authorities for the extreme care and forethought they have shown in safeguarding and improving the course. Nearly every sharp curve on the route had been widened, while on the near side of every bend the fruit-trees lining it were whitewashed for six to eight feet up their trunks. Where such inside bends were innocent of trees, poles of that height were planted in the ground at frequent intervals and also whitewashed. The course was undoubtedly severe and trying, but everything that could be done was done to make it safe. I am told that Jenatzy, last year's winner, was the tip in Homburg before the race, and from the fact that he had made about two score circuits of the eighty-seven miles course and that his 90 horse-power Mercedes had given him no trouble, together with the advantage of starting first, his chances should have been roseate. How they panned out we now all know.

Would that every Magistrate before whom motor cases are heard would exhibit the sweet reasonableness of Mr. Burnett Tabrum at Stratford, when Mr. Louis Sinclair, M.P. for the Romford Division of Essex, was pulled before him last week for alleged dangerous driving. The case was preferred by a constable, who, on his oath, asserted that Mr. Sinclair was driving his car at over twenty-five miles per hour, while two witnesses called for the prosecution, one a tram-driver and another a potman, said that the speed of the car was fast, and that of an express-train, respectively. Even if the constable's testimony was correct, the potman's notion of express-train speed was a trifle peculiar. But what was presumed so heinous against the motorist was that "several people had to get out of the way." Was ever so absurd an allegation? Just as though people had not to get out of the way of every sort and condition of traffic, even tram-cars. I am more than delighted, as will all motorists be with me, that Mr. Burnett Tabrum, quickly recognising not only the absurdity of the charge, but the trumpety nature of the evidence, dismissed the summons.

With regard to the Local Government Board regulations concerning registration, I think that Article IV., affecting the numbers originally allotted to a car, needs revision. At present, when a new car is purchased and registered with a local body, a number is allotted to it, or rather, to its owner. Now, when the car is sold second-hand, the number can be retained by the new purchaser, but not by the vendor for a new car, however much he desires to retain it. If the vehicle purchased second-hand is taken into fresh territory, the original number must be dropped, and may not revert to the original owner, which, to quote Euclid, is absurd. Take Earl Russell's case, for instance. He obtained the number "A 1" from the London County Council, of which body he is a shining light, and affixed the same to his 16 horse-power Napier. Now, if he sells that car to a man who wishes to register in his own county, the number "A 1," doubtless much prized by his Lordship, must lapse, and, should he still register

in London, he will have "A" and, perhaps, five figures after it for his new number, whether he likes it or not. In course of time, if the regulation be not revised, we shall see numbers running all round the car! And what will the policeman say then, poor thing?

It is only a few weeks since Mr. Harvey Du Cros climbed to the summit of Snowden on his Ariel car. Not to be outdone, Mr. W. M. Letts determined to emulate the daring feat, and in the early morning of Monday, June 6, he set out on his 5 horse-power Oldsmobile. Though some thirty minutes were spent in stoppages, mainly for photographic purposes, Mr. Letts reached the mountain-top

in eighty-seven minutes, his net running-time thus being three minutes under the hour. The car consumed only half-a-gallon of petrol and about the same quantity of water, and experienced no serious difficulty at any portion of the ascent. As might be expected, there were several exciting moments during the climb, and on one occasion, in order to avoid an obstruction, Mr. Letts had to steer perilously near the edge of a precipice. The signal success of the climb is the more astonishing when the small horse-power of the car is taken into consideration.

Last Saturday was the eighty-ninth anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, but there is living in Belgium an old woman who remembers the great battle perfectly. She was thirteen years of age at the time, for she was born on June 6, 1802, and she saw the French troops pass through Chapelle, where she was living with her parents and where she has lived ever since. On the morning of June 18, she carried water to the soldiers; and then followed them to the field of battle. Her chief recollections are of seeing the heaps of dead and wounded, and she particularly remembers a woman who was cutting the diamond-rings off the fingers of a wounded Prussian officer. Her great anxiety was to see the unveiling of Gérôme's monument to the French soldiers who fell at Waterloo, and, as she can no longer walk, she was promised that she should be taken to see the ceremony in a carriage.



THE SNOWDON RECORD: MR. W. M. LETTS REACHES THE SUMMIT ON HIS OLDSMOBILE CAR IN EIGHTY-SEVEN MINUTES.

Photograph by Rowlands, Llandudno.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Ascot—Futures—Sunshades—Luncheons—The Gate.

THE Royal Meeting passed off successfully this year. The racing was good and the attendance well up to the average, although, I am told, houses in the neighbourhood of the course did not let as well as usual. The fact of the matter is that, owing to a long spell of agricultural depression and to increased taxation because of the late War, money is tight, and many men with fixed incomes now motor to and from Ascot each day where they used to stay in the neighbourhood for the week. The Royal Stand looked a picture on the Tuesday and on the Thursday, but there were many fewer coaches than usual on the opposite side of the course. This, too, may be put down to the incoming of motors. The racing on all four days of the meeting was exceptionally good. I think the race for the Ascot Stakes was the prettiest spectacle of the kind I ever saw. The win of Merry Andrew was a feather in the cap of Mr. G. Miller, the well-known polo-player. I did not expect to see Csardas win the Royal Hunt Cup, as the horse had been

see how our money is won or lost. One heartless wretch, a mere man in fact, suggests that we should start an Anti-Parasol League to prevent the ladies from carrying sunshades on to a racecourse, but the suggested methods are open to loud and long denunciation. The ladies in this matter may be led, but they will never be driven.

I begin to fancy we pay too much for our luncheons on racecourses, and the half-crown charged in Tattersall's Ring at Sandown should be the gauge for caterers at all the big meetings. Seven-and-sixpence or ten shillings is too much to pay for a racecourse luncheon, seeing that it is impossible to get value for money in the limited time at our disposal. Further, why not give us the plain old English fare, and that alone, at a reasonable price? Made-up dishes with high-falutin' French names are all very well at town banquets, but when a racegoer has to eat to satisfy his appetite only, I think roast beef, roast mutton, and, perhaps, roast fowl, are the sort of things to put before him. If caterers confined the menus to the items named, and added a boiled potato, they might make a reasonable profit by charging half-a-crown per head, and they would certainly do double the trade they now do. Again, the Stewards of the Jockey Club should insist on all Clerks of Courses providing wholesome tea at not more than sixpence per cup to their patrons. This will come in time, for the ladies are, as a rule, successful agitators.

Now that the electrical starting-gate has become an accomplished fact, it is to be hoped we have heard the last of the wretched starts seen earlier in the season. The jockeys now have to mind their "P's and Q's," as the Stewards warn them that, in the event of their trying to rush the tape, they become liable to certain imposing penalties. We saw at a recent big meeting some of the worst starts that were ever perpetrated in any country, and yet I did not hear that in any one case was a jockey at fault. Perhaps the fault lies in the fact that only a tutored mechanic can be trusted to handle delicate mechanism successfully. Anyway, we could not afford to have many such failures, and I trust the electric appliance now about to be adopted at the majority of our meetings may answer all requirements. As I have stated before, my old friend Mr. Richard Figes has found the "new-fangled notion" a great help in starting races in France, and up to now he has not met with a single failure.

CAPTAIN COE.

At the Bechstein Hall a few days ago Mr. Kocian gave a Violin Recital before a very numerous audience. He played Paganini's Concerto in D, arranged by Wilhelmj, both freely and firmly; he was, perhaps, heard to better advantage in Bach's famous "Air" and in a Prelude by the same master; he apparently got right at the heart of this musician's work and played quite brilliantly.



MR. J. R. MASON, EX-CAPTAIN OF KENT.

Photograph by Elsie Simpson.

under suspicion, and his victory in this race reflects the greatest credit on Joe Cannon, who had patched him up nicely.

The racing for the next few weeks will be of the tame order, and a good job, too, as it would never do to be at the high-pressure point the year round. The supplies would soon be exhausted, as horses are not machines, after all. The Northumberland Plate has, seemingly, fallen from its once high estate, and now it is a very ordinary race indeed. True, the "coalies" of the Tyneside take quite as much interest as ever they did in their "Derby," but, somehow, the big owners of racehorses fight shy of this particular item and it creates little or no ante-post speculation. I think the race looks a good thing on paper for Pradella, who ran remarkably well in the Ascot Stakes. Perhaps Throwaway will get a place. I am afraid the race for the Eclipse Stakes will not be very interesting this year, as it looks a good thing for St. Amant, who, however, will have more than he can accomplish in trying to beat Pretty Polly in the St. Leger. The last-named looked a perfect picture at Ascot, and I think she is the best three-year-old filly we have seen for twenty-five years.

Once more I must have my annual grumble on sunshades. The sterner sex like to gaze on the pretty parasols—that is, between the races—but I do hope the ladies will be considerate enough to pay attention to the shouts of "Sunshades down!" during the running of a race. It is a great nuisance to be debarred from seeing anything of a race on account of the horses being shut out from view by a sunshade. I, for one, am quite gallant enough to admit that the ladies' complexions are of the first importance, and it is, be it understood, not as a right, but as a special favour, that I, on behalf of thousands of long-suffering men, appeal to the fair sex to at least give us the chance to



MR. KESWICK'S CSARDAS, WINNER OF THE ROYAL HUNT CUP.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

PEOPLE'S tastes vary as much in their charities as in their clothes. Some go far afield in the matter of good works, and like to, metaphorically, uplift the Heathen Chinese or the man-eating islander of New Guinea, as far as these interesting personalities will allow themselves to be elevated. Others find outlet for their benevolence nearer home, and a large choice of subjects for philanthropy



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PALE-BLUE LINEN WITH TRIMMING OF TAFFETAS.

undoubtedly remains. But out of many good and gracious schemes a few compel especial admiration for their especial humanity, and amongst these the National Vigilance Association stands pre-eminent. In many crying abuses of our vaunted but veneered civilisation, none calls so loudly for redress as that evil which has rightly been termed the "White Slave traffic" of England. The noble aims and work of the National Vigilance Association cannot be fully entered into here. Sufficient to say that, through the splendid efforts of the ladies who devote their lives to this work of rescue, hundreds of victims are yearly liberated from the ghastliest of all bondage; and, better still, hundreds of innocent girls are saved from an unnameable fate. In the streets, at the seaside, at the ports, at the railway-stations, checks are now daily dealt to a nefarious organised traffic entirely through the ceaseless, tireless efforts of the National Vigilance Association. Small wonder that the Home Office should give its countenance and favour, if it cannot yet extend more definite official aid, to this movement. Every man who has daughters that he loves, every mother who has pride in the honour of her boys, will sympathise and surely assist so great, so overwhelmingly vital a cause as this stoppage of infamy in our midst.

The nineteenth annual meeting of the Association will be held in the Council Chamber at Caxton Hall on Friday, July 1, at 3 p.m. The Earl of Aberdeen, who has worked so patiently and indefatigably throughout, will take the chair, and it only remains to add that those interested in the work can apply to the Secretary, 319, High Holborn, for passes which will be distributed to the seating-room of

the hall. Every possible support should be given to the movement, which yearly extends its sphere of action, and it is hoped that the attendance at Caxton Hall will bear witness to the widespread sympathy the objects of this meeting have evoked. The hall is close to St. James's Park Railway Station and will be easily found. Besides Lord Aberdeen, Major Evans-Gordon, M.P., Mr. Cecil Chapman (who is one of the Magistrates of Southwark Police Court), and Mrs. Henry Fawcett will speak.

This climate, like the poor, is always with us, but obtrudes itself infinitely more on the attention, low and regretfully be it spoken. In winter we have wind, fog, and rain; in spring we have fog, rain, and wind. In autumn the triple alliance is still amongst us, and even summer, which vouchsafes some stray days of belated and grudging sunshine, offers but parsimonious compensation for the distresses that assail us unfortunate islanders at all other seasons. The moral of the English climate is contained in four pithy words: "Live out of it." Failing that supreme measure, the maxim, "Make the best of it," appeals to the resigned imagination. From the feminine point of view, making the best of it is merely translated into a struggle against the elements for the preservation of one's complexion, and here Rowland's "Kalydor" of inimitable fame and deserved appreciation plays its soothing part; parching wind or sultry sun, smarting fog or scathing frost, are all the same to Rowland's "Kalydor," which is the real balm in Gilead of the toilet-table, and, whether applied to the masculine cuticle after shaving, or the infant's after screaming, or any



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING RACE-GOWN.

other possible complexion after any other possible exercise, is certain in its comforting conclusions and most satisfactory in results.

If such an acrobatic feat as "leaping into fame" is, sartorially speaking, possible, then Lola, of Dover Street, may be said to have satisfactorily accomplished that very desirable performance. Her

frocks and fit are unimpeachable, her prices not by any means distractingly impossible (even from the husband's point of view), while her taste is entirely unquestionable—a string of adverbs and other parts of speech which surely few *couturières* can deserve or receive. Many



A VALKYRIE.

gowns much admired at Ascot for their original and fresh ideas were the output of Lola. And one little *réséda* linen inlaid with guipure spelt the most expensive simplicity in the Royal Enclosure. Her hats are no less delectable than her gowns, and a pale-mauve straw trimmed with pink and mauve primulas and tiny ribbons of *réséda* and green was also of Lola, and a masterpiece of cunning becomingness. The flat hat still reigns supreme, all jam-pot crowns notwithstanding, and I last week met few Ascot chapeaux that were worth the name and more erect than a soup-plate. Feathers that droop and sweep and fall have greatly taken the place of flowers, and for *grande tenue*

SYBIL.

the curling ostrich has ousted even those charming and real-looking posies that Paris sends us over. For the autumn, horrid predictions of approaching bonnets vex the ear, but it is always allowed to hope, and, where the universal adoption of the bonnet is concerned, one may even go further and prophesy in turn that it cannot come, since, briefly, this is an age of youth, and bonnets make for age.—Q.E.D.

For the Folkestone Races to-morrow (23rd inst.) the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway will run a number of special trains. A Club train (first-class only, return-fare eight shillings) will leave Charing Cross at 11.30 a.m., calling at Waterloo and London Bridge, while a third-class train (return-fare five shillings) will leave at 10.35 a.m., calling at the same stations and at New Cross. Special trains will be run to London and principal stations after the races.

The Great Northern Railway Company are, as usual, well to the fore with an attractive list of summer excursions for various periods and at special rates. These include trips to Skegness, Cromer and district, Yarmouth, Isle of Man, Scarborough, Harrogate, and many other popular holiday resorts on the Company's system. Full particulars of fares, dates, and periods may be obtained at the Company's stations and town offices.

For the summer holidays the Midland Railway Company offer a most attractive programme. Special facilities are extended to those who wish to visit the holiday resorts of picturesque Derbyshire, the Yorkshire Spas and watering-places, the Lake District, or the Isle of Man, while those whose fancy turns to the Highlands of Scotland or the North of Ireland will also do well to apply at one of the Company's stations for the various publications giving full particulars. These may be obtained free of cost.

"Rolf Boldrewood" is the typical romancer of Greater Britain, the most famous of his books being, as all the world knows, "Robbery under Arms," written when the veteran author was already sixty-two. Though a Londoner by birth, he went out to New South Wales when still a child, and took his full share in the romantic beginnings of Victoria—indeed, he was one of the pioneer squatters, and his high character and general abilities caused him to be given the responsible position of Warden of the Goldfields. Then, comparatively late in life, began his successful literary career, "Robbery under Arms" being followed with "The Miner's Right." "Rolf Boldrewood" is still physically a splendid-looking man; he can ride as fast and shoot as straight as he ever did, and, though he no longer plays football, his name is held in high honour among Colonial teams. "Rolf Boldrewood"—or, to give him his true name, Thomas Alexander Browne—may be said to be the head of Melbourne literary society. He is very kind to beginners and has an enthusiastic belief in the future of Australian literature.

SOME NOTABLE MUSICAL EVENTS.

THE Worshipful Company of Musicians have organised an exhibition, to be held at the Fishmongers' Hall on the 27th inst., to celebrate the tercentenary of the granting of its charter by James I. ("that aimless monarch," as Scott, in an inspired moment, named him), which will be opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales. Amongst many other interesting exhibits is to be the original score of Handel's "Messiah," kindly lent by His Majesty the King. There will also be exhibited Purcell's "Te Deum," and autographs of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Bach, Haydn, Schumann, Liszt, Chopin, Brahms, and other well-known musicians will also be seen, and a number of portraits, among the most notable of these being one of Handel. There will also be on exhibition many instruments of much interest, amongst them being an Amati violin made for Charles II. and a virginal which belonged to Queen Elizabeth.

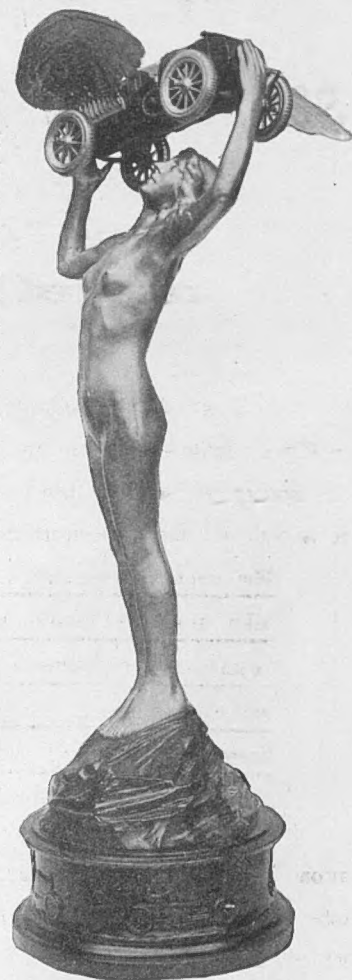
Little Franz von Vecsey has again during the week been giving enjoyment to a large and enthusiastic audience which foregathered to hear him at the St. James's Hall. He played the Mendelssohn Concerto in quite a masterly style, his facility, delicacy, execution, and expression being quite marvellous. His playing, too, of the Bach was a thing to remember, and he was enthusiastically applauded and encored. It seems almost as if this young boy had been born with the violin-bow in his hand, so skilfully does he handle it. We understand that Mr. Daniel Frohman has signed a contract with Vecsey's representatives for an American tour from January 1905, lasting until April, at the highest terms that have yet been paid to any violinist.

Mr. Otto Voss gave his third Pianoforte Recital at the St. James's Hall on Wednesday afternoon, and proved himself again to be an artist of much distinction. He was, perhaps, at his best in Schumann's Sonata in F-sharp Minor, and here showed that he fully entered into the meaning and spirit of this composer's work. He was not quite so interesting in his playing of Chopin, for he does not seem to possess that peculiarly nervous temperament which is so necessary to the ideal rendering of this composer's works. It was a remarkably interesting concert, however, and Mr. Voss certainly displayed talents of a very high order.

The Mermaid Society's Pastoral Performances, under the direction of Mr. Philip Carr, will this year be given in the beautiful garden of Thorpe Lodge, Airlie Gardens, Campden Hill, by permission of Captain Montagu Norman. The programme will consist of Milton's mask of "Comus," with the original seventeenth-century music by Henry Lawes, and of Ben Jonson's mask, "The Hue and Cry after Cupid," both of which were given with considerable success by the Society in the Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, last year. Most of the original cast will reappear, including Mr. Roland Cunningham, in the tenor part of the Attendant Spirit, Mr. Nigel Playfair as Comus, and Miss Tita Brand as the Lady. The performances will be given for six evenings, commencing to-morrow (June 23), and will begin on each evening at nine o'clock. The public may purchase tickets at the offices of the Society, 3, Old Palace Chambers, Whitehall, or at the gardens at the time of the performances.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Bailey, who for the past two years have toured Australia and America with great success, are now taking out a Company of their own for a month's trial-trip. Mr. Gordon Bailey was "discovered" by Mr. Hermann Vezin some four or five years ago, and it will be remembered that he supported Mr. Molliison in "Auld Lang Syne" at the Lyceum. Mrs. Gordon Bailey (Miss Lucy Wilson) made her first notable success in the provinces as Paula in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," this being also the chief play of the present tour. She is the younger sister of the Misses Dora and Alice de Winton.

This handsome trophy for the Gordon-Bennett race stands about three feet high. The figure is of silver and the pedestal of bronze. On the latter appears a typical car of each nation. The motor-car held by the figure is of bronze, with silver wings and wheels. The trophy, which was presented by the Hon. John Scott Montagu, M.P., was specially designed by Mr. C. R. Sykes. It is valued at two hundred guineas, and goes to the nation's Club whose team does best in the race.



THE SCOTT MONTAGU TROPHY.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on June 27.

ASCOT MARKETS.

ALL the week the Stock-Exchange has been suffering from the effect of the Royal race-meeting, which has taken many members away, to say nothing of the clients—at least, this is the most optimistic view to take of the very slack markets of the last few days. Whether, when there are no races, some other excuse will not be necessary remains to be seen, but we should not be surprised if it were so.

The Bank Return was of a most encouraging kind, and, if the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street can go on accumulating gold at anything like the late rate, we may expect an early reduction in the official minimum.

OUR ILLUSTRATION.

This week we give a view of hydraulic mining for gold on Perry Creek, in the South-East Kootenay district of British Columbia. This is a form of mining very popular with our Yankee friends, and the property of the Perry Creek Hydraulic Mining Company is, although situated in British Columbia, run by several well-known citizens of the United States. The water is brought a distance of four miles, and delivered under a head of about four hundred feet. The bank to be washed seen in our illustration is composed of gravel, silt, and some clay, and active operations began in the spring of this year.

HOME RAILWAY PROSPECTS.

Under-publication of the traffics is the principal hope upon which those lean who are optimistic with regard to the forthcoming dividends. A few of the Companies have substantial increases to their credit; but, on the whole, the takes of the half-year to date are not by any means brilliant, and, if money were less cheap, it may well be wondered whether prices would stand as high as they do. Lombard Street has already started its usual signs of money-tightening for the end of the six months, but rates will probably fall off directly we get into July, and a $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Bank minimum, coupled with the advent of the dividends, might make a considerable difference to the Home Railway Market. If prices have, so far, failed to make the headway which their advance of a month or two ago led people to expect, the failure must be ascribed to the clamour for fresh money raised by the flood of new, mostly high-class, issues. In the circumstances, the Railway prices have held their improvement well, and this is one good augury for quiet strength in the immediate future, even if nothing in the nature of a boomlet can be expected.

IN THE MISCELLANEOUS MARKET.

Although Dock stocks are not dealt in by the Miscellaneous Market of the Stock Exchange—boasting a separate patronage—they come fairly into the scope of commercial enterprise, and may be said to have almost monopolised wide fluctuations in the Industrial section for some weeks past. Holders of the London and India Dock Preferred and Deferred certainly cannot complain that their stocks give them no variety of sensation, and, after being up to fairly substantial prices, both classes are now duller upon the supposition that the Port of London Bill cannot be carried this Session. Appearances point in this direction, no doubt, but the speculative investor will do well to keep a very sharp eye on the Deferred, and the Preferred, too. At 70 and at par respectively, they are good things to lock up, since their time of revival will almost assuredly come round again.

Possibly the holders of Aërated Bread and Lyons shares have hardly yet realised what it will mean to them if their directors decide not to proceed with the issue of new shares at a pound apiece. Recent speeches tend in the direction of a change, and, of course, if the practice should be discontinued, it means a sharp drop in the dividends at present enjoyed by the proprietors. We should

say that some of the money invested in these two concerns might be profitably realised and turned into Slaters, which are again reasonably cheap. A sound investment can be had in Anglo-Argentine Tramways 5 per cent. Preference shares, which stand at $5\frac{1}{2}$, the fraction representing the premium over their par value. The Ordinary shares in front of them are 6—a pound premium—and these Preferences have good security and a free market to recommend them.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

Four o'clock had barely struck when The Stroller turned into Throgmorton Street the other afternoon. Somewhat to his surprise, there were comparatively few people about.

"What is amusing you, sir?" asked his broker's authorised clerk, as he passed by. "Are you a bear of Westralians?"

The Stroller turned and walked with the young fellow. "Come and have some tea?" he suggested, amiably.

"With pleasure, sir," was the prompt reply.

Seated in a rather cosy tea-shop close to the Stock Exchange, the pair discussed black coffee, the markets, and the bamboo furniture.

"We are really doing hardly anything," said the clerk, accepting The Stroller's offer of a cigar.

"You always *do* say there's nothing doing," The Stroller charged him.

"But now there is more than nothing doing—I mean, less than nothing. I am dying to ask for a rise in my salary, but I simply dare not do it."

"Never mind," sympathised our Stroller. "It will come all right later on."

"What we find," went on the authorised clerk, "is that, even when we do get orders to buy an investment stock, the chances are that there's none to be had. Take the case of some well-known Debentures, for instance, in an Industrial affair. A man sends us an order to buy, and we can't get the offer even at the top price in the 'Official List.' We tell him so, and he thinks us a fool," and the fellow got quite warm.

"Regarded from his point of view, you must admit his attitude of complaint has a certain amount of reason in it, eh?"

"I don't know," and the young man sighed as though a world of care lay on his shoulders. "It's very difficult to keep on good terms with everybody, which is what the chief says we've got to aim at."

"Never mind," repeated The Stroller, picking up the bill that had just been prepared by the fascinating waitress. "Shall we be getting along? Oh, excuse me, but won't you take another—?"

"No, thank you, sir. I must get back and look after the contracts."

"Glad to hear there are some, at any rate," and The Stroller smiled.

"How do I get into the Yankee Market?"

"Round here," and three minutes later the clerk left his firm's client trying to pick up a few wrinkles about Americans in Shorter's Court.

The policeman on duty there looked at him with some suspicion. "Looks more like a dealer in lost property than Unions," he said to a messenger. "Just keep your eye on 'is 'ands, Bill."

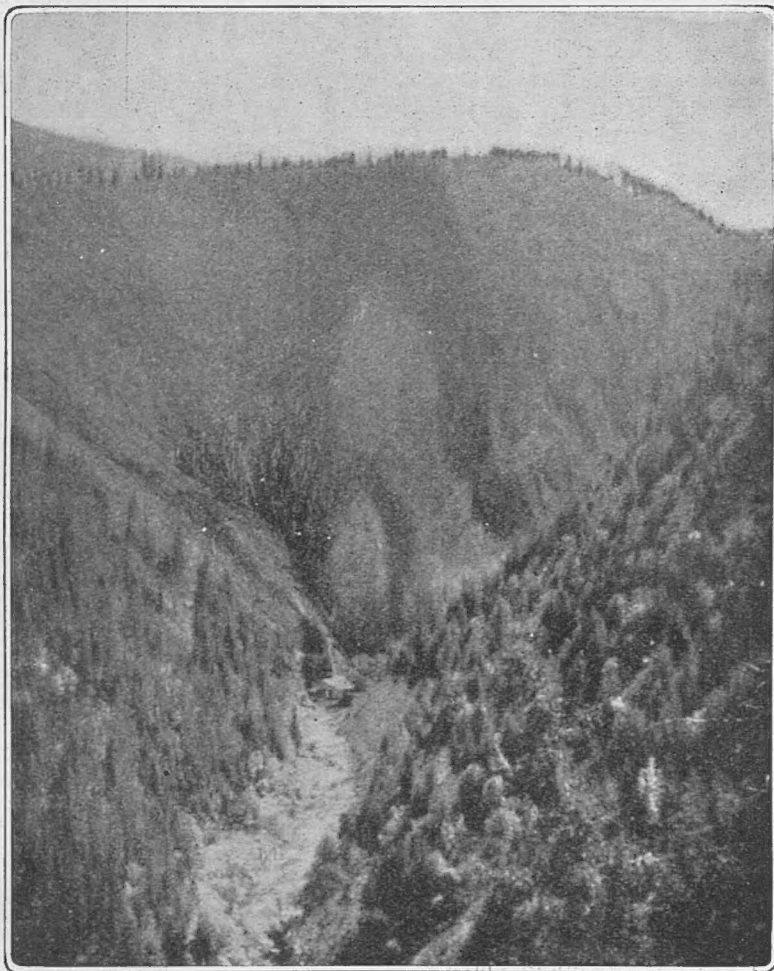
Sublimely unconscious of being watched, The Stroller sauntered round the crowd until he got as near the lamp-post as was possible.

Various men were shouting 50 this and 30 that and a couple of hundred something else, and it was some time before one of the gentlemen with the little pile of pink slips in his book turned round and said to a friend, "You can't help admiring the pluck of these Yankee bounders. They mean to have prices better, and they're going to, whatever happens."

The other shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know," he answered, with a yawn, tilting his hat far back; "I'm not in love with 'em myself."

"That's just the position of everybody," said a fresh speaker. "I'm perfectly level: I don't care if it snows in the United States, so my opinion is impartial, whatever else it may be."

"You haven't told us what it is," remarked the gentleman with the pink slips, reaching out his hand for another that a boy passed to him.



PERRY CREEK HYDRAULIC MINE, FORT STEELE MINING DIVISION.

"Why, I mean that it's the very time when not a man can speak kindly of them that Yankees take it into their heads to go better. Isn't that so?"

"Sometimes," was the judicial answer. "Only they have had a very fair rise from the bottom already. Think they will go any better? Yes—who said a score of Atch.?"

He dealt, and the conversation went on.

"I can't help thinking we shall see them higher before they've done with them over there. You bears won't have it all your own way!"

"Who said I was a bear?" laughed the other. "I might be either for——"

The Stroller felt a beseeching touch upon his arm. "Oh, no, thanks," he said hastily, as a well-filled basket of peaches came under his notice. "Try that gentleman over there," and he pointed to a man lounging against the top of the Shorter's Court steps.

As our friend escaped, the policeman observed, "Didn't see anything, did you, Bill? Not but what his right- and breast-pocket looked a bit bulgey, eh?"

Bill promised to follow the quarry, but had no great difficulty in missing him.

Our Stroller found the Kaffir Circus considerably attenuated. "That's the worst of fine weather," he mused; "it always puts a man off his business. Now, if I were a stockbroker——"

"Not a thing," he heard a jobber tell a broker. "We might as well have gone home after lunch."

"So we ought," the broker declared. "If this Committee were worth anything, they would reform the hours of business first, before ever they started to tinker with our—er—Constitution."

"Good word, 'Constitution,'" said the jobber, with approval. "I doubt if alteration of the Constitution would bring back business, though."

"Pretty bad, isn't it? And, so far as I can see, we are in for another six or eight weeks of this kind of slackness."

"I'm afraid so," agreed the broker. "Well, I suppose it will all come right some day, here or hereafter."

At which our Stroller fled forthwith to his own broker for advice and comfort, but, as the two men talked behind closed doors, we are unable to chronicle the conversation which ensued.

WESTRALIAN SCANDALS.

We have gone a whole week without any real scandal in this market, an event which deserves to be marked in very red letters. The Boulder Deep affair, which created so much talk, and, coming on top of a whole host of previous unpleasant incidents, gave the promised revival a very nasty blow, turns out to have been an even more unsavoury business than was supposed at first. For obvious reasons, we cannot give names, but current report points to the fact that a very well known City man who is also a member of the House at Westminster was the object of the attack.

It is said that the gentleman had lent money on a big block of shares, and, with the scrip in his possession, thought he was safe in giving the call upon 25,000 shares at a low figure to certain market jobbers for a consideration of one shilling a share. This came to the mortgagor's ears, and he determined to have his revenge, so the 3½ and 4½ ounce telegrams came over from the Colony, the shares jumped from shillings to pounds, and the jobbers exercised their call. Meanwhile, steps were taken to prevent the victim from utilising the shares upon which he had made the advance, and he was caught short. The little deal is said to have cost the giver of the calls more than thirty-five thousand pounds, and it is hoped he will in future appreciate the difference between owning shares and being merely a mortgagee of them. We have heard talk about judicial investigations and the sort of figure certain prominent City financiers will cut in the witness-box, but, as these things generally end in smoke, it is probable the public may be spared the spectacle, which might be good for the circulations of sundry evening papers, but would certainly not be for the public edification.

Saturday, June 18, 1904.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

HANTS.—(1) We do not think the Mining shares are of any value. (2) The accounts of this Industrial Company are not yet made up, but the dividend on the Ordinary will, we hear, be 5 or 6 per cent. this time. At present price this is equal to 10 per cent. on the investment.

F. P. R.—The information has been sent to you.

E. W.—(1) You had better write and ask the firm in Threadneedle Street. (2) You will be very foolish if you deal with the other people, who are very much common touts.

PREFERENCE.—The following papers, among others, belong to the Company—*Pearson's Weekly*, *Home Notes*, *M.A.P.*, *Pearson's Magazine*, and *Short Stories*. The new balance-sheet will be published next month. The last profits showed enough to pay Pref. dividend about four times over. *Lady's Pictorial* shares are quoted 4 to 4½. The last profits covered dividend about three times over.

The Directors of the Great Western Railway Company have appointed Mr. Thomas Henry Rendell, Chief Assistant to the General Manager, to the position of Chief Goods Manager to the Company, in succession to Mr. L. W. Maiden, who is retiring from the service.

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